VOL. CCXXXVIII, No. 3097
TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
OCTOBER 10, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

PUNCH CIGARS
PUNCH R.E. HABANA VALLE YCA
Havanas Best

Fortnum's
F M
is the most entertaining shop in town
Fortnum & Mason Ltd.,
181 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 REGENT 8040

COINTREAU
Liqueur
EXTRA DRY
Sole Importers: W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.6.

Drambuie THE LIQUEUR YOU PREFER TO BE OFFERED

Make a meal of it with
Rayner's
INDIAN MANGO CHUTNEY
AT ALL GOOD GROCERS

PARIPAN LTD.
U.K. FOUNDER MEMBER
TRANSOCEAN MARINE PAINT ASSOCIATION
EGHAM · SURREY

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
REGD
THE WORLD FAMOUS
SHERRY

For over a century
distinguished taste has demanded
CHAMPAGNE MERCIER
Messrs. Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
CHAMPAGNE MERCIER EPERNAY

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/6

Collectors' guide to 'Choicest' tea-ware

This famous teapot and stand, with white oval reserves on apple green and gold oeil-de-perdrix ground, is from a service presented to H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, First Duke of Cambridge on the occasion of his marriage in 1818 to the Princess Augusta of Hesse-Cassel. It is now in a private collection not far from where it was made by the master potter William Billingsley 140 years ago.

NANTGARW *by* WOLF MANKOWITZ

WILLIAM BILLINGSLEY, a china painter of genius, worked at Derby and Worcester before starting his factory at Nantgarw (pronounced NANT-GAROO) in 1813. Assisted by Samuel Walker, his son-in-law, he produced tea-ware in a white and exceedingly translucent porcelain paste, the manufacture of which involved large losses. The factory's production was concentrated into four years, from 1813 to 1814 and again from 1817 to 1820. In consequence the products are among the rarest English porcelains and their value to collectors correspondingly high.

NANT-GARW
C.W.

As a painter Billingsley was influenced by Boreman, and became celebrated for flowers which he painted in a new naturalistic style marked by the illusion of depth. At Nantgarw he decorated some products himself, but most Nantgarw porcelain was sent undecorated to London where various enamellers painted it, usually more lavishly than Billingsley would have done.

William Billingsley liked to compare his porcelain to the finest products of Sèvres, and was justified in so doing, except that his methods, involving the kiln losses they did, could never have equalled the continental factory for commerciability.

Several injections of new capital failed to save Nantgarw and early in 1820 Billingsley and Walker left to join Rose of Coalport. In November 1820, after an auction sale on the premises, William Weston Young took over and Thomas Pardoe of Swansea assisted him in the decoration and disposal of the remaining stock. After further auction sales, Billingsley's luckless enterprise came to an end in 1822.

Billingsley died in poor circumstances in 1828. He would have died comparatively rich had he been content to remain a floral painter, but the porcelain secret which ruined him was fated to enable fortunate collectors of his ware to die rich instead.

NOTE TO COLLECTORS Difficult though the best of Billingsley's pieces may be to find, it is a relief to note that it is not arduous to discover a very fine tea to complement his beautiful tea-ware. We mean, of course, Brooke Bond 'Choicest'—that fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas which is both easily available—and at 2/- a quarter, undoubtedly the best value in tea today.

Tea-cup and saucer with typical up-turned 'heart' shaped handle probably painted in London by James Turner c. 1818–20.

Small specimen cup and saucer with griffon handle painted by William Billingsley c. 1818.

Sphere

is one of hundreds of familiar Greek words which you will recognize

during your holidays in

σφαῖρα

GREECE

enjoyable comfortable inexpensive

NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
4, STADIUM STREET—ATHENS

A gracious welcome to your guests

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 36/-

The new smooth gin that mixes in

Clearly distilled Clearly better!

Seagers
OF LONDON
Gin

Pipe dream comes true . . . . . .

BARLING

Ye Olde Wood

Comfort, good looks and cool, mellow smoking—this famous pipe gives you all these. The Barling Design mouthpiece and overall balanced weight make it most comfortable. The finest quality old matured briar ensures a beautifully cool smoke. It's a pipe dream come true.

Also available in Guinea Grain, Standard and Sandblast Series

ALWAYS INSIST ON A

Barling

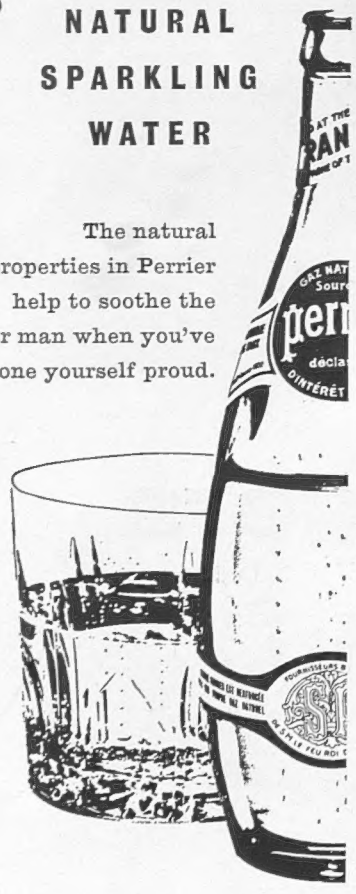
LONDON 1812

B. BARLING & SONS LIMITED
PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

Perrier

NATURAL
SPARKLING
WATER

The natural properties in Perrier help to soothe the inner man when you've done yourself proud.



Perrier makes you sparkle

Four o'clock.

Schools emptying.

Raining too. Slippery.

There they are.

Ease down.

They're going to cross. Brake.

Change down. More brake.

These tyres do hold her steady.

Nice smooth stop.

All across, safe and sound.

You too, will

feel safer—

***be* safer—on**

Firestone

Town & Country

Firestone Town & Country on the rear wheels and Firestone de Luxe on the front is the ideal tyre arrangement for better, safer driving. Long wear; quiet running; improved handling; maximum grip for all-season safety —the Firestone features that add confidence under all road conditions.

DRIVE SAFELY

BE A BETTER DRIVER. You owe it to your family, you owe it to others, you owe it to yourself to BE SAFE ON THE ROAD

Firestone TYRES – consistently good

ADVANCES

£50 — £10,000
Without Security

THE
EDGWARE
TRUST
LTD.

28, Mount Street,
Park Lane, London, W.1.
Telephones:
MAYfair 0751 & HYDe Park 6452

SPECIAL OBERAMMERGAU TOURS
by MOTORWAYS

OBERAMMERGAU & AUSTRIAN MOTORWAY
14 days at 72 gns. inclusive

OBERAMMERGAU & GERMAN MOTORWAY
15 days at 95 gns. inclusive

The cost includes first class seat reservations to see the Passion Play.

Regular departures from London by our new luxury fleet of Pullman Coaches.

Write immediately for advance details of these and many other 1960 tours to:—

MOTORWAYS (OVERSEAS) LTD.
Dept. SP, 47/48, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Tel: REGent 6936/8 (or Agents)

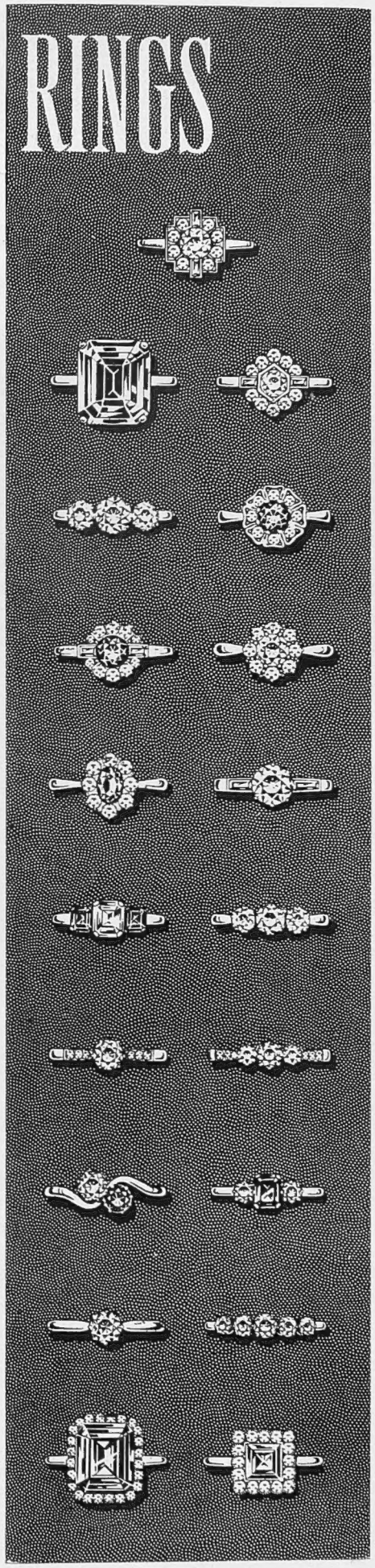
I'm off to
BRIGHTON
this Autumn

For Free Leaflets write:
C. P. Johnson
Information Centre
Brighton

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS

GARRARD

RINGS



Diamond cluster
£110.0.0

Amethyst single stone
£19.10.0

Diamond cluster
£92.10.0

Diamond three stone
£178.10.0

Sapphire and diamond cluster
£46.0.0

Sapphire and diamond cluster
£100.0.0

Diamond cluster
£120.0.0

Sapphire and diamond cluster
£71.10.0

Diamond single stone
£263.10.0

Emerald and diamond three stone
£225.0.0

Diamond three stone
£102.10.0

Diamond single stone
£54.0.0

Diamond three stone
£52.0.0

Sapphire and diamond cross-over
£62.10.0

Sapphire and diamond three stone
£49.0.0

Diamond single stone
£102.10.0

Diamond five stone
£65.0.0

Aquamarine and diamond cluster
£125.0.0

Spinel and diamond cluster
£125.0.0

Illustrated catalogue sent free upon request.

GARRARD & Co Ltd
crown jewellers
112 REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

FORMERLY THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.
TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

OVERCOATS
that fit

Moss Bros have greater experience in providing men with clothes that fit perfectly than anyone else in the world. They were pioneers of fine quality ready-to-wear clothing. If you appreciate quality, buy your next overcoat from Moss Bros.

Prices start at 19 gns. Send for illustrated folder.

Monthly subscription terms available.

MOSS BROS LTD
OF COVENT GARDEN W.C.2
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

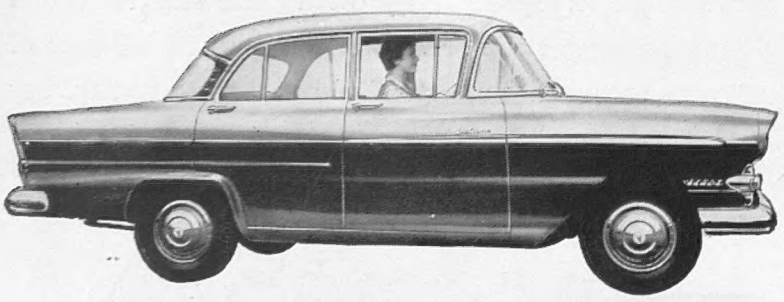
Nearest Station: Leicester Square *TEMple Bar 4477*

Open every Thursday until 7 p.m.

AND BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Marvellous new cars . . . these 1960 Vauxhalls!

The 1960 Cresta



The 1960 Victor de Luxe

Victor £505+£211.10.10 PT (£716.10.10)
Victor Super £530+£221.19.2 PT (£751.19.2)
Victor de Luxe £565+£236.10.10 PT (£801.10.10)
Victor Estate Car £605+£253.4.2 PT (£858.4.2)
Velox £655+£274.0.10 PT (£929.0.10)
Cresta £715+£299.0.10 PT (£1,014.0.10)

An admired car, and a much desired car. A car the fastidious and the knowledgeable will be proud to own. That's the 1960 Vauxhall Cresta.

Ask for speed, and it goes like the wind. Safety is its middle name — with that extra visibility all round, those powerful, reassuring brakes, and the road-hugging stability for which the 1960 Vauxhalls are famous.

Try it with a full load aboard . . . six if you like and luggage to boot. Make your own assessment of its 6-cylinder performance: its ability to slip along silently in traffic, to cruise at 70 all day, to accelerate up to mile-and-a-half-a-minute speeds when you're in a hurry. Check how easy it is to manoeuvre and to park when you can see all four wing tips from the driving seat.

Then ask your Vauxhall dealer about the new styling, the new features, the new colours, the luxury fittings inside and out. He'll enjoy demonstrating that all we claim is true. And we're pretty sure *you'll* enjoy the experience too.

Marvellous? Yes — it's a 1960 Vauxhall.

Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds

Everyone drives better in a Vauxhall

Volume CCXXXIX No. 3097 The SPHERE, London, October 10, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

© 1959, Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

MR. MACMILLAN AND HIS RIVAL ATTEND A PRE-ELECTION SERVICE IN THEIR CONSTITUENCY—THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER AND HIS LABOUR OPPONENT, MR. A. J. MURRAY, WALK TO THE PARISH CHURCH AT BROMLEY, IN KENT: On the left is Lady Dorothy Macmillan. In the Bromley division the fight last Thursday was a straight one between the two major parties. At many places throughout the country during the election campaign services were held at which candidates of all parties were present.

The General Election on October 8 was the sixteenth to be held in the United Kingdom in the twentieth century. In the span of nearly sixty years the electoral scene had vastly changed in many respects. Instead of a limited all-male vote based on certain property qualifications, universal adult franchise has produced an electorate numbered in tens of millions. The polling now takes place throughout the country on one day, whereas in 1900 election day varied from district to district. Television, radio, public opinion polls and other modern developments are to-day an accepted part of the electoral scene. Had any candidate at those seemingly so-distant hustings fifty-nine years ago spoken about the possibility of rockets and space vehicles of a Communist world power plumbing the secrets of the moon, he would surely have had his nomination refused under the regulation which does not permit madmen to stand for Parliament. Yet in spite of the great differences, there was at least one feature of continuity. Among the candidates the name of Churchill, W. L. S., was still to be found on the ballot paper. (Other election campaign pictures on pages 44-45 and 46.)

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

THE OPENING OF A NEW LEGAL YEAR: Robed and wigged, judges in procession leave Westminster Abbey after they had attended the customary service on the first day of the Michaelmas law sittings. There followed the Lord Chancellor's reception in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords and the procession through the Royal Courts of Justice.

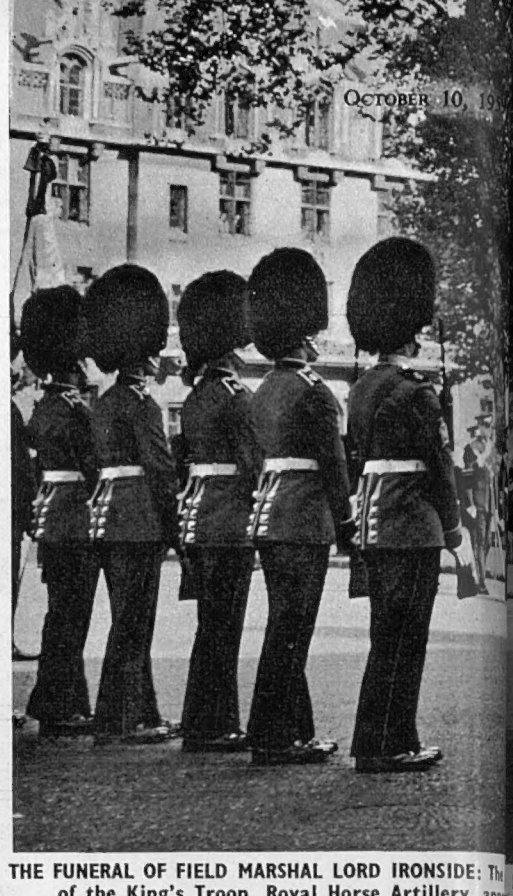
A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

In the Bag—"When you are reading this we shall have consuls" was one of my first Latin grammar syntax examples. Victory is at last and truly "in the bag." Yesterday the cat was let out of the bag, and you now know whether you rightly guessed the way the cat would jump. It is always stimulating when the writer does not know and the reader does know the answer. It is a situation which calls for more adroitness than the average journalist possesses. The Cabinet you will now call your own for the next five years or less were given their mandate by the will of the people. The majority of the electorate who cast their votes no doubt take a real interest in politics, international and domestic, and feel very strongly indeed about housing, education, old people, A-bombs, and so forth. They had the choice of judging on the facts or swallowing the luscious fruits offered them. As the fury of the campaign increased, so did the glittering promises. The Tories were at first content to abide by the facts. So, indeed, were the Socialists, for they judged the facts to be damning to the Tories. The Liberals had no up-to-date facts about the fruits of recent administrations on which to rely. But before October 8, the glitter of the promises from all quarters dazzled the eyes of the voters and obscured the facts and perhaps a right judgment. There was no sombre talk of blood and sweat at this election. However one voted, the primrose path lay ahead. It was paradise regained, whether the favourite, the next fancied or the outsider won. That 's the sort of race-meeting which is worth a visit to the Silver Ring. But there is always another race on which money won can be lost.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. . . .—The things men say in the heat of anger or just before General Elections are sometimes of a kind which their opponents remember and repeat and they themselves wish to be forgotten. If Mr. Gaitskell was properly reported, he told an audience, when commenting on "take-over bids" and all that, that those tycoons should be more rigorously taxed, so that "we who live by the sweat of our brow" could have an easier existence. I should be the last to suggest that Winchester men lead a life of ease and neither toil nor spin. Indeed, I think they work harder at school than many other public-school boys. And for that matter, the leader of a parliamentary Opposition is usually kept very busy. But Labour audiences are touchy about public-school education and are inclined to make class-warfare points out of public, as opposed to state-school, education; and there must have been even in his audience some who cynically tittered. Not that I have ever underrated Mr. Gaitskell's political shrewdness. I only make the point that pre-election oratory quite often includes some inflammatory phrase better omitted or differently expressed. Lord Hailsham, during the dogfight, was not invariably the cool-headed, word-picking lawyer. I am sure Mr. Gaitskell is the trusty servant of his Party and toils on its behalf by the sweat of his brow, and I am prepared to believe that Winchester is very proud of her distinguished alumnus. But, public-school or state-school boy, most of us to-day enjoy an easier time than our fathers dreamed of, and if we are in the next few years to enjoy still easier times, it may not be good for our souls.

You Had Been Warned—I don't pretend to prophesy, whether as a Jeremiah or a super-optimist. Only twice in the last nine months have I ventured a prophecy in the form of a warning. I expressed a jeremiad warning when the last brake was eased from the wheels of the "never-never" juggernaut, and all the nation in need of houses and gadgets went out to buy them for a £1 or so down and the rest when you felt like it, as you floated on the flowing tide of increasing prosperity. I ventured another jeremiad in the early stages of the election campaign when the Tory Press was a little too confident in promising that victory was in the bag. In each case I recalled instances not too far away in history when an unforeseen but hardly unforeseeable incident might arise to prick the bubble of faith and optimism in prosperity, and cause a slump which might bring anxiety to hundreds of thousands who saw the future they aspired to "in the bag." The name of Jasper—who, for all I know, is as "safe as the Bank of England"—on rumour alone supplied a skewer which might or might not prick each bubble in turn, the "never-never" bubble and the election victory-in-the-bag bubble. Before these lines are in print, the "never-never" machine may once more be turning merrily. The General Election is decided and nimble accountants and political students alike can examine the figures and make up the minds whether a rumour lost and won votes and the election result saved the "never-never" juggernaut from grinding to a jog-trot.



THE FUNERAL OF FIELD MARSHAL LORD IRONSIDE: The ... of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, ap... Millbank, to the Abbey. During the procession ...

An Historic Visit—Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. is now an incident in history, and "Peterkin" must grow a little older before he can find a satisfactory answer to his oratorical question: "What good came of it at last?" The reporters did their best, the principals meticulously chose their sentences, but the public are not yet much the wiser. And now that Mr. K. spoke, as usual, in two voices, the official voice and "good-mixer" voice, and his reception by the American public was as mixed and fully democratic as his reception by the Administration was studiedly diplomatic and diplomatically cordial. But Mr. Macmillan, who knows better than you and I, is satisfied that great progress has been made and that the Tory Government is entitled to share the credit by smoothing the path to peace. I wonder, nevertheless, that at the moment the world does not know the significance attached to the postponement of the President's return visit to Russia. Which comes first, the egg or the chicken? The Summit Conference or the return visit? Since the historic visit to the U.S. Mr. K. has paid another state visit, to China, which, in his eyes, may be no less historic, and the Western world is still left to assess as best it can the value of State visits exchanged between Powers, and to wonder whether, by and large, they ever produce results more important than as brief returns to civilised behaviour which was the usual thing in international diplomacy, and even in the worst days of power politics made power politics look a little less ugly. But Mr. K. has gained invaluable knowledge from his visit and must now have a shrewd idea that Americans don't want war and pour out their capitalist millions with no aggressive designs, but from the most urgent of all instincts, self-preservation.

A Many-sided Man—Lord Elton, who has reached the age of sixty-seven while still looking ten years younger, retires from the post of Secretary to the Rhodes Trust, which in its history has sent to Oxford hundreds of worthy men and excellent scholars to carry what in my youth was called the British Empire. Among them (the very first of them) the seeds of learning which I sow at Trinity College, Oxford. I thought that Rhodes well endowed at the beginning of this century by comparison with myself, with £400 a year. The post of Secretary now falls to Mr. E. T. Williams, that many-sided, incredibly industrious man who will combine with his office of Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford, both those jobs in his stride with the Editorship of *D.N.B.*, a single task and life-work which might exhaust the strongest. A many-sided man indeed! I did not until I had read Monty's *Memoirs* that I realised that Mr. Williams, of *D.N.B.*, was a famous soldier who was a very important creator of the machine that produced the Alamein victory.

Looking for a Runabout—My large family car is still as good as new after 20,000 miles; but a family man looks ahead and I shall fly to Paris to look over the new Rolls Phantom V. It seems to have everything I need. No to drive, can crawl comfortably at 15 m.p.h. past a lorry travelling at a mere 80 m.p.h., and

honour (left) of the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, presents arms as the coffin on a gun-carriage estminster Abbey. The cortège proceeded in slow time from the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, 19 guns was fired by the King's Troop, R.H.A. The funeral was on Wednesday of last week.

tanding. It is smoother than a canoe gliding over a ish-pond, and I can get it, comfortably coachworked, for 8,904. It is the very car for a respectable citizen enjoying he Paradise which all the political parties have promised s "just round the corner." I think the makers of the world's finest car were wrong to feature it as "particularly suitable for senior executives and guests of industrial companies." It suggests that they don't put complete aith in the fullness of the Paradise which every Briton will enjoy in the next five years. On the other hand, they clearly banked on a Tory victory, otherwise they would not have starred it as the obvious choice for senior ndustrialists, who would certainly have their expense accounts rationed under Socialist rule. A prosperity car ndeed—a motor fan's dream, and the finest product of British engineering genius — designed and built with nfinite skill and with perhaps a firmer faith in our coming prosperity than even the party protagonists could put over on the platforms at the height of the election campaign. Incidentally, I have a notion that for a ear or two the financial tycoon whose millions, eal or imagined, can absorb huge companies at a troke may run to cover and avoid some of those plendours which were part of his stock-in-trade as a reator of confidence.

A Spiritual Revival?—It cannot be seriously isputed that for many decades Englishmen have slavishly dopted new social fashions and trends initiated in more estless America. Some of them no doubt are worthy rends, many of them worthless or worse. It is probable, herefore, that we may expect soon enough an unusually arge-scale religious revival over here, for undoubtedly hat revival is remarkable in the States. It takes two orms, the comfortable and superficial, and the strict and incere. The former appears to be rather on the pattern f religious observance practised by the prosperous late ictorians in England, the outward show which for comort and respectability sought to marry the spiritual with he grossly material and to angle for the best of both orlds. The strict and sincere indicates a clear-cut eaction from a grossly material national outlook, and akes the form of contemplative monasticism. There is o doubt that the strictest hermit orders have multiplied n the States in the past decade. There is nothing supercial in the religious life of these orders to-day. The rappist author, Father Merton, has, by his writings and reachings, attracted hundreds of Americans to the Cisterians, and his converts are by no means of one denomina-on. There is nothing new in religious revivals in the long istory of Christianity. They are as natural and foreeable as political swings in party politics, and they take many forms. "New religions" in America have always een as popular as new health diets; but the present eligious revival in America in its stricter monastic form not to be minimised and is clearly to be differentiated om fashionable trends in religion, for it is based on a ery sharp reaction against, and a sincere repentance for, he gross materialism of past decades. It has no parallel ith moral rearmament or Billy Graham-ism and ll that; for it is not a compromise with materialism. n a small way, it marks a sharp and definite reaction gainst the material values in American life. We in ritain have every reason for "slavishly" cribbing *this* end.

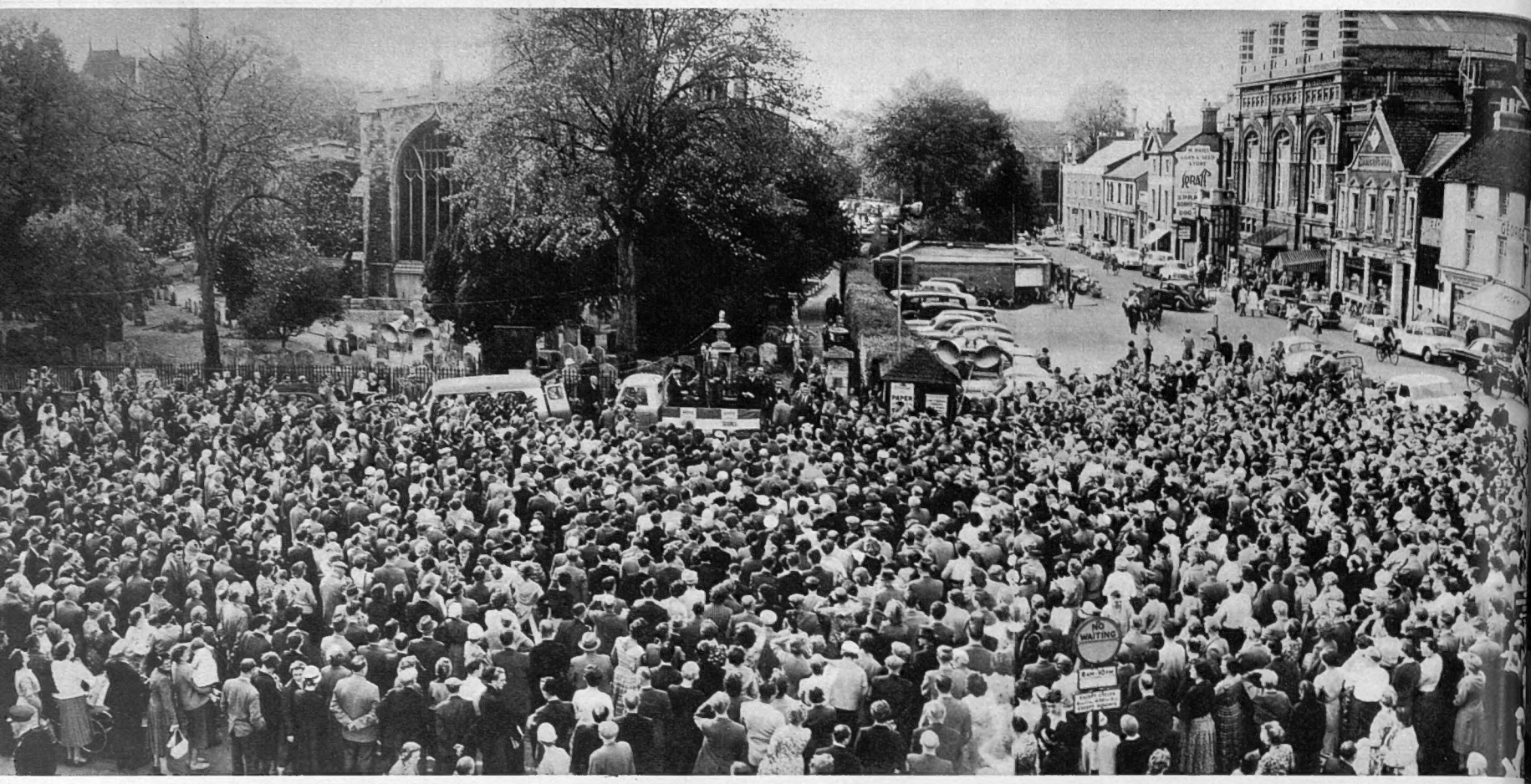
Unequal and Anomalous Penalties—Justice," the British section of the International Commission of Jurists, formed a committee to consider anomalies in criminal penalties. They found them in plenty and some of the anomalies make uproarious reading. As a result of the Criminal Justice Act of 1949 (which already has won an Oscar as a supreme example of loose, too hasty and ill-considered drafting), there is no longer any limit to a Common Law sentence of imprisonment. The maximum had been fixed by practice at two years. For a decade, therefore, before the passing into Law of the Obscene Publications Bill, a seller of dirty postcards *could* have received a life sentence ! Now his offence is removed from Common Law purview and his maximum sentence is a mere three-year term. Still, the potential "murderer" convicted of driving a car when drunk can only receive a maximum of six months, while a card-sharper or an outspoken atheist can get a life sentence. And any young man who elopes with an heiress *could* be sentenced to fourteen years. It does not deter all of them from the enterprise; nor does the fifty-year-old deterrent of street betting appear to have discouraged that offence—namely, prison for a third conviction. However, the same deterrent, now imposed in the Street Offences Act, does seem to be sending prostitutes indoors.

Wigs and Tories—The Master of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers and Wigmakers made an important pronouncement on the eve of the election at the Guild's annual meeting. And though it is now too late for candidates in the 1959 election who did not hear it or read it, to benefit from its wisdom, it may help in the by-elections to come. "I am not exaggerating when I say that a candidate's hairdresser may be as important as his political agent." "A head of hair," he said, "looking like an angry porcupine, can lose a deposit." This is a startling claim and, being new to me, it is, in my view, one which should have been blazoned out a month earlier. I would have banked on it (and Press photographs have confirmed my belief) that many of these candidates, successful or not, deliberately "porcupined" what hair nature gave them as a proof of their intellectual worth, their contempt for the pretty-pretty and their preoccupation with the things that matter. The late Lord Templewood all his life had the smoothest head of hair I can recall, and I must presume he would not have risen higher in the ranks of statesmen if he had ever ruffled it. Some candidates certainly lost their hair during the campaign, and the unsuccessful to-day may well reflect ruefully that a wig would have made a difference to the final count, and a brush and comb and brilliantine might have been more useful stock-in-trade than pat answers to awkward questions. For the sake of a wig (or even a brush and comb), a seat was lost. For the sake of a seat, an election was lost. For the sake of an election, a nation was lost. For the sake of a nation, a peace was lost. It is a hair-raising thought.

INSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The congregation stands in the choir as a trumpeter, in the gallery above the altar, plays the "Last Post." Lord Ironside, a former C.I.G.S., died aged seventy-nine on September 22.

Vindication of Grandfather's Tales—Our reservoirs may be dry-beds and church bells ringing again from church towers once submerged under trout-haunted lakes; our lawns may be parched brown-toast and our rivulets mere dust bowls; but our unparalleled summer went on and on right through September, and the last few days of it gave us in southern England, days of twelve-hour sunshine, the like of which we shall be ungrateful to forget. It became, officially, the finest summer for 200 years. To have your first bathe of the year on September 28 and to feel no initial exciting shock, to grill all day in the sun in nothing more in the way of clothes than decency requires, to eat all meals alfresco right up to the sad day when night closes in with the end of summer-time . . . who, receiving these sweets, can resist saying "To hell with water shortage !" ? And who so optimistic as not to add: "We shall pay for our rare blessings in nature's bitter tears." But let come what may, we shall have had our day and proved to our grandchildren that gaffer's tales about the wonderful summers of his youth *may* be true because at last proved not impossible.

THE OLD STAGER



A LARGE CROWD IN BEDFORD: Mr. Macmillan addresses voters from a lorry parked in front of St. Paul's Church. He was speaking in support of Mr. C. Soames, Secretary of State for War.

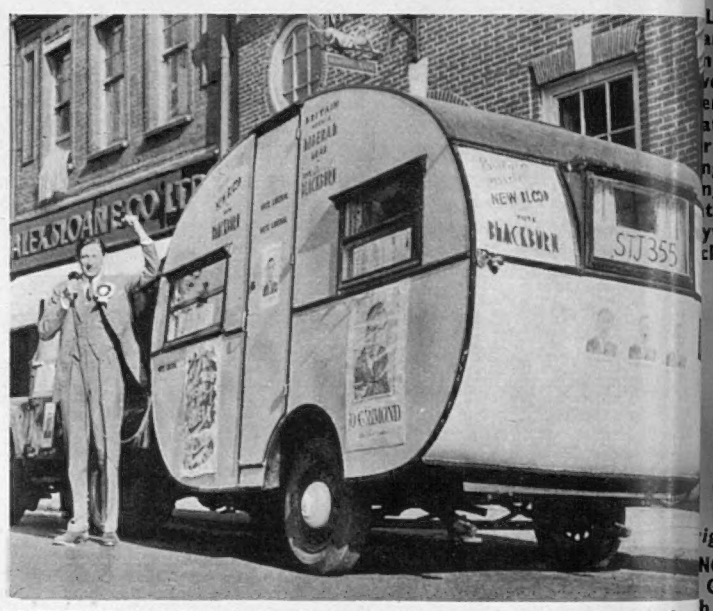
The General Election of 1959

SEEKING SUPPORT

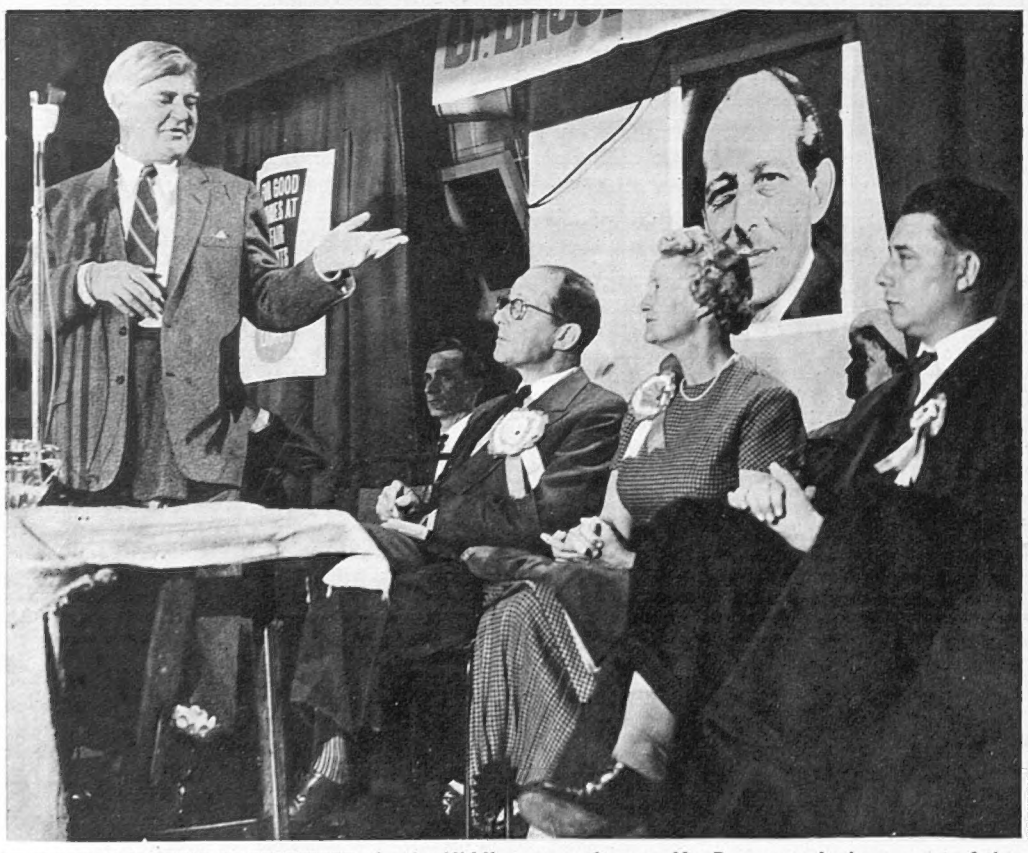
Conservative, Liberal and Labour Candidates in Their Constituencies

On left—

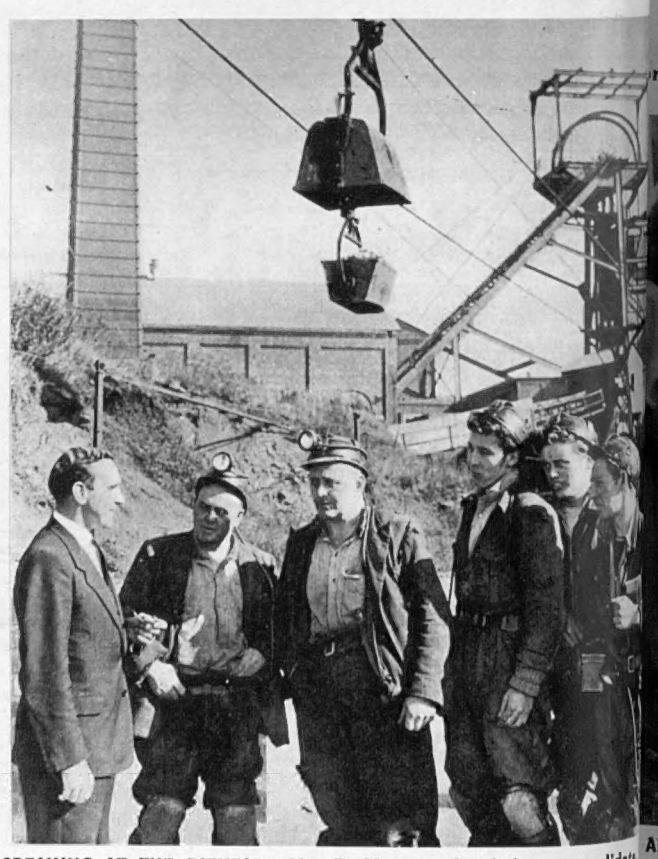
A STRAIGHT FIGHT AT DEVONPORT: Mr. Michael Foot earnestly puts his point of view. In 1955 he lost by 100 votes to the Conservative, Miss Joan Vickers, who was again contesting the seat.



CANVASSING BY CARAVAN: Mr. David Blackburn uses a microphone in front caravan which is parked in Sidcup High Street. He was standing as candidate for the Chislehurst constituency, Kent, in a three-cornered



AN ELECTION MEETING AT BRENTFORD: In the Middlesex constituency Mr. Bevan speaks in support of the Labour candidate, Dr. H. B. Cardew. At the end of last week Mr. Bevan rested at his home in Buckinghamshire after influenza and sinus infection, but later returned to campaign vigorously.



SPEAKING AT THE PITHEAD: Mr. R. Mason, the Labour candidate, with miners in Barnsley Main Colliery. As the election cam progressed, canvassing grew intense at the prospect of a close

LONDON: Mr. Mac-
an, with Lord Hail-
n, is applauded as he
ves to give a Press
erence at the Con-
ative Central Office.
ribing the public's
ngs towards himself,
ng his tour of the
try, he said that
ywhere he had been
ck by their "niceness".

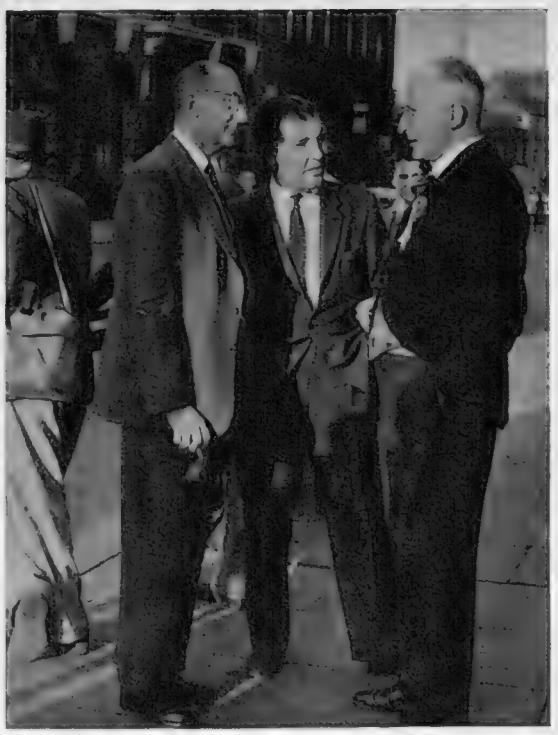
ight—

NG THE WASHING:
Geoffrey Johnson
h talks to a member
he Holborn and St.
ras South Division of
on. He was engaged
straight fight with
Labour candidate,
Jeger, who had a
rity of 931 in 1955.

ON THE WATER: Dr. Reginald Bennett addresses by loud-hailer the people on board the Portsmouth-Gosport ferry as it crosses Portsmouth Harbour. With him on board the launch are his wife and four children. Dr. Bennett was contesting the Gosport and Fareham seat.

On left—

AT THE SHEEP MARKET: Mr. John Hare, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, talks to a farmer as he visits St. Pratt's Fair in the village of Blisland, in Cornwall. He was making an election tour in support of the Conservative candidate for Bodmin, Commander D. Marshall.



AND ENERGETIC ELECTION CAMPAIGNING: *Left*—The Liberal candidate for Rochdale, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, chats over the washing-line of a home in Castleton. Left is Mr. Kennedy's wife, who was formerly the ballet dancer Moira Shearer. *Centre*—Sir Ian Horobin talks at a bus stop in Oldham during his election campaign to defend his small Conservative majority of 380. *Right*—At North Lewisham, London, Mr. Macmillan puts his hand on the shoulder of the Conservative candidate, Mr. Christopher Chataway.

MR. MACMILLAN IN THE COURSE OF HIS GRUELLING COUNTRY-WIDE TOUR: The Conservative leader waves to the crowd during his visit to the very marginal Craigton division of Glasgow. On left a poster is held up calling for support for Mr. J. N. Browne, the Conservative candidate in the constituency. On right a Labour placard and Nuclear Disarmament posters are being waved. Mr. Macmillan went from Scotland to the north of England. He visited the south and East Anglia before his final television broadcast.

The General Election of 1959

PARTY LEADERS IN ACTION

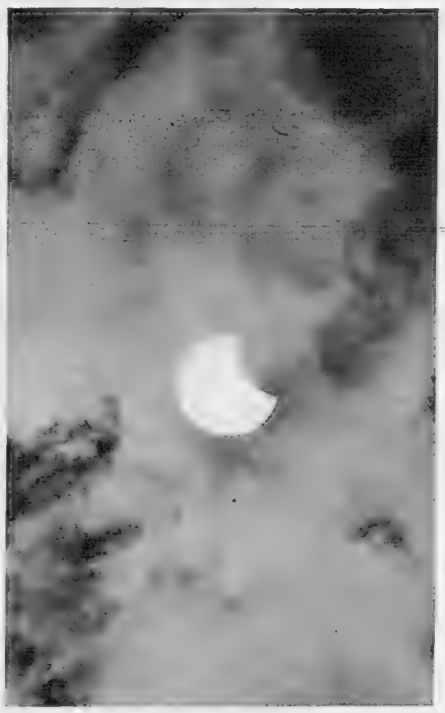
THE LIBERAL PARTY'S POLICY: Mr. Jo Grimond outlines his party's views at a Press conference in London. The Liberal leader addressed several meetings daily in widely-scattered areas by employing a helicopter on his campaigning.

THE LABOUR LEADER MAKES A POINT: Mr. Gaitskell addresses a large audience in the Albert Hall in Manchester. The Labour leader made an extensive tour of many parts of the country before he wound it up with a speech in Leeds, where he stood in the South division.

The News in Pictures

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN SIAM: She is received by King Phumipol Aduldej and Queen Sirikit at the Chitlada Palace in Bangkok. Sitting between the King and Queen is their young daughter, Princess Ubolratana. Princess Alexandra spent five days in Siam during her homeward journey at the close of her extensive tour of Australia. She also arranged to visit Singapore and Cambodia. In Siam, the Princess visited the war cemetery at Kanchanaburi to see the graves of British and Commonwealth soldiers who died during the building of the Burma-Siam "Railway of Death" in the last war.

ESCAPE FROM 40,000 FT.: Mr. J. W. C. Squier, English Electric's chief production pilot, climbs a ladder to the cockpit of a P.1 Lightning. During a test flight of the supersonic jet fighter Mr. Squier was forced to escape from the aircraft by ejector seat at a height of about 40,000 ft. over the Irish Sea. After spending a night in his dinghy he waded ashore at Garlieston, Wigtownshire. He was later taken to hospital, but was expected to leave in a few days. The Air Ministry launched a search in the Irish sea for wreckage from the fighter.



On right—

ACTIVITY IN THE SKY: At noon on Friday of last week a partial eclipse of the sun was clearly visible in Central London. There was brilliant sunshine. The eclipse was visible in many parts of the world. Two days later, the moon was again in the news when first reports from Moscow and the giant telescope at Jodrell Bank showed that the latest Russian rocket was well on its way on a journey round the moon. The 613-lb. "interplanetary space station" was expected to transmit crude pictures of "the other side of the moon," taking several days to make a "boomerang" journey round the moon and back into an orbit round the earth again.

On left—

MAJOR FIRE AT AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY: Workers at the vast A. V. Roe plant at Chadderton, near Manchester, hang out blue prints to dry in the sun. Although many of the firm's records were lost in the flames, which were fought by five fire brigades, no master drawings were affected and production of the Vulcan bomber and the Avro 748 civil airliner was not interrupted. The blaze was only stopped about 30 or 40 yards from the production lines.

THE FIRST SHIP OF THE ROYAL GHANA NAVY: At H.M.S. *Diligence*, the base for minesweepers at Hythe, near Southampton, the High Commissioner for Ghana in London, Mr. E. O. Asafu-Adjaye, and his wife (in the central group) take part in the commissioning service of H.M.S. *Malham*. A 120-ton inshore minesweeper, *Malham* will be the first ship of the Ghana Navy. She was built at Fairlie, Ayrshire, accepted into service in December of last year, and is at present undergoing a refit at Southampton. She will be officially transferred to the Ghana Navy when she arrives at Takoradi, after a voyage under the White Ensign, from Hythe. Some of the ship's company will stay in Ghana for training duties.

ANXIETY ABOUT BERMUDAN MURDERS: Local police officers dig in the sands of Southlands Beach, Bermuda, in a search for clues to the murder of Miss Dorothy Barbara Rawlinson. The body of the twenty-nine-year-old Englishwoman was found in the sea on Sunday of last week. It was the third murder of a woman on the island in six months; several other women have been wounded. New Scotland Yard has sent two officers to take charge of the murder inquiries. A young man who was seen near the scene of the latest crime, some time after it is thought to have been committed, had been interviewed before the arrival of these officers. Widespread alarm in the island is reported.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

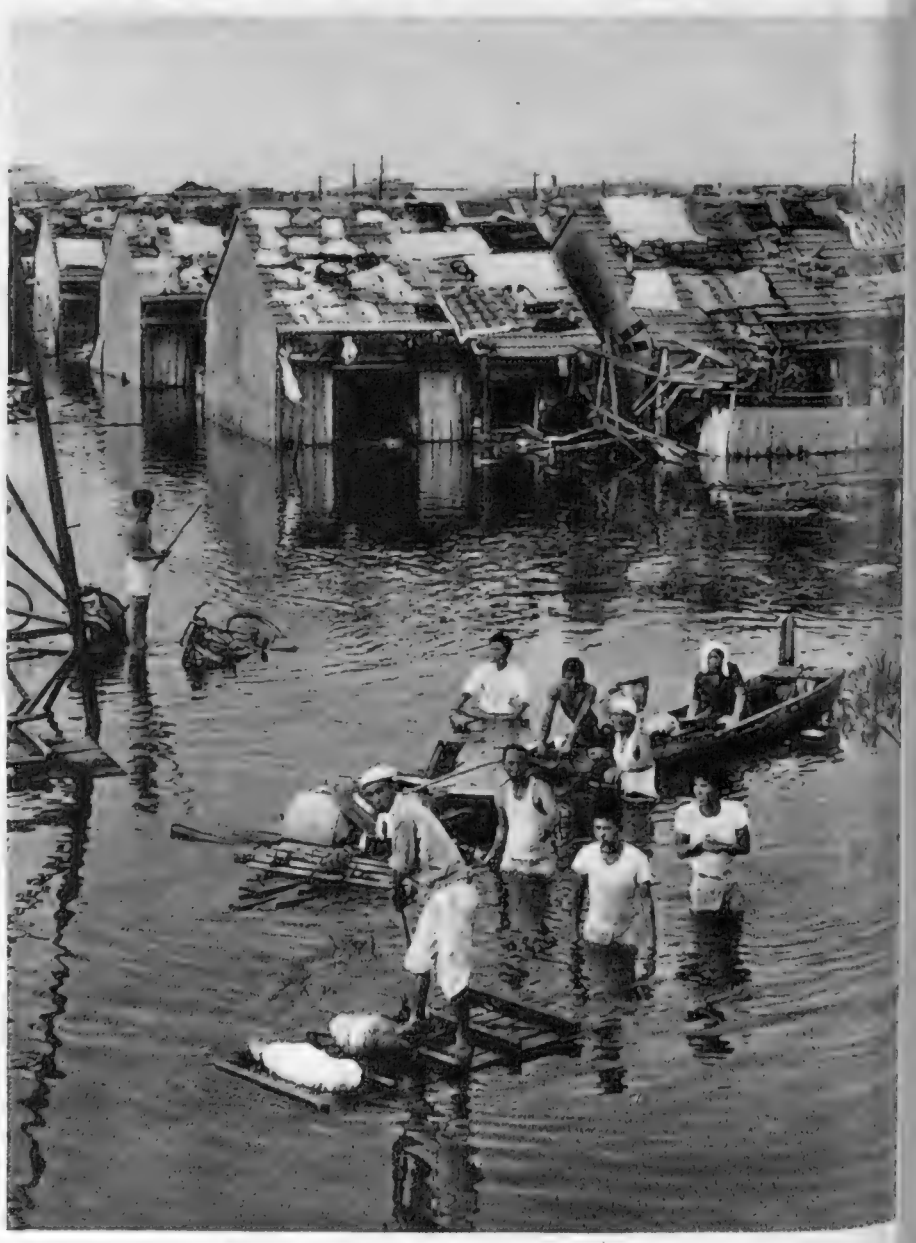
Nagoya, one of Japan's largest industrial cities, bore the brunt of the typhoon which swept the main island's west coast on September 26 and 27. Torrential rains accompanied the winds which at times reached 135 m.p.h. Streams and rivers were turned into torrents and, breaking the flood banks, the waters swept away thousands of houses. About 1,500,000 people in Japan were said to be homeless. In Nagoya alone 12,000 houses were destroyed and 100,000 inundated. In the flood areas of Nagoya is the main industrial centre and losses here, it was reported, will run into many millions of pounds. Shipping was also severely affected, 238 ships being sunk and more than 2,500 being missing or damaged. Rescue work, delayed by the broken communications, was proceeding round the clock and all possible means were being used; the Government made an immediate £4,000,000 grant. Early this week the number of dead had risen to over 4,000.

THE JAPANESE TYPHOON DISASTER: The flood-waters and driftwood at Nagoya are the result of the typhoon which swept the west coast of Japan during the week-end before last. One-third of Nagoya, the worst-affected city, was reported to be a shambles of mud and ruins.

Below—

SURVIVORS: In Handa City, some 20 miles from Nagoya, they work in the rubble of their homes. About 1,500,000 in Japan were reported homeless.

REPAIRING THE RAVAGED CITY: Makeshift rafts are used and articles are placed on roofs to dry in Nagoya. The total death-roll at the beginning of this week had risen to 4,011. Over 1,000 were still missing and 14,500 were injured.



THE WORST TYPHOON IN JAPAN'S HISTORY: Salvage workers wade thigh-deep in the flood-waters in Nagoya. Destruction of nearly all communications delayed the rescue operations, in which a 40,000-ton American aircraft-carrier with doctors and nurses are taking part.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE UNOFFICIAL STRIKE AT OXYGEN DEPOTS: A long line of lorries stands idle outside the depot of the British Oxygen Company Ltd. at Wembley, where the leaders of the unofficial strike made their headquarters. In the middle of last week, some 2,000 men out of a total labour force of 3,500 came out on strike, affecting 27 of the 52 plants supplying steelworks, shipyards and many engineering works with the oxygen gases which they use for cutting and welding metal. It was estimated that 58,000 men were made idle in the heavy engineering industry, mainly at car factories in the Midlands. Men in other industries were warned that there would be no work for them if the strike continued to deny the industries supplies of oxygen. The T.U.C. Council took the unusual step of condemning the strike and supported the instructions of the unions involved for their members to resume work. Subsequently, 140 strikers at Ipswich, Hackney and Ilford agreed to go back, as did the men of two other depots.

SENTENCED IN SWITZERLAND TO HARD LABOUR FOR LIFE: Donald Hume is brought into the courtroom at Winterthur, near Zurich. He was on trial for shooting and killing a taxi-driver after robbing a bank in Zurich and wounding a cashier. Hume, who is a native of Swanage, pleaded guilty. The defence counsel's plea that he should be put in an institution was rejected and the court decided that should he eventually receive a remission of sentence and be released, he will be barred from Swiss soil for another fifteen years. During the trial, Hume said that he had killed car dealer Stanley Setty, a crime for which he was acquitted at the Old Bailey, and had committed two armed robberies at Brentford, in London.

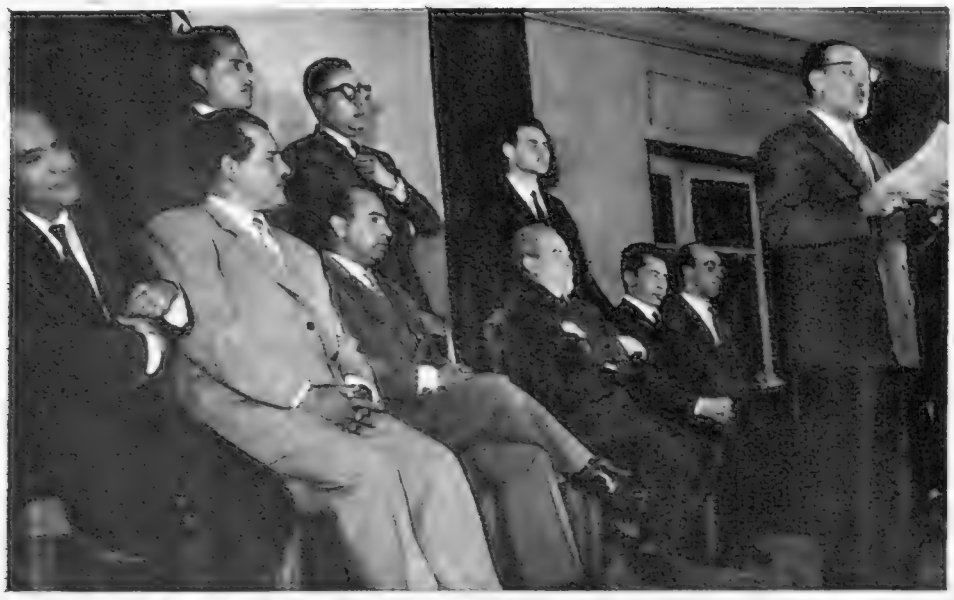
MR. GRUNWALD IN HAIFA: The former managing director of companies in the Jasper group talks at a Press conference he gave in the Israeli city. On the left is his adviser, Mr. Abraham Dunner. Mr. Grunwald, a German-born solicitor, was stated by a Haifa nerve specialist to be suffering from "panic reaction, a desire to hide and avoid people, and nervous exhaustion, and needed a complete rest for a short period." Mr. Grunwald said that all the companies in which he was concerned were all properly conducted and solvent. Later, the London financier's permit to stay in Israel was revoked, but it was not known if he would return to Great Britain.

On left—

IN THE ROUGH: King Baudouin of the Belgians gets into difficulties during a practice round at Gleneagles, in Scotland. Playing under the name of Mr. B. de Rethy, he partnered D. J. Rees, the captain of the British Ryder Cup team, in the amateur-professional foursomes handicap golf tournament over the King's course. They lost a fluctuating match in the first round by 2 and 1. De Rethy is the name which is used by members of the Belgian Royal Family when travelling incognito.

THE LAST FLIGHT FROM CROYDON AIRPORT: The last scheduled passenger aircraft, a four-engined Heron of Morton Air Services, stands on the runway before leaving for Rotterdam. Appropriately enough, the pilot's name was Captain Geoffrey Last. Farewell ceremonies marked the end of Croydon, once the leading airport in Great Britain. It was opened during the First World War as a pilots' training ground and then became London's most important air terminal in the years from 1921 to 1939. The obsequies at Croydon included a game of hide-and-seek between pilots and airport staff and security police who were engaged in searching for an effigy of the Minister of Transport which was burnt by the Croydon staff.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE ALGERIAN NATIONALISTS REPLY TO GENERAL DE GAULLE: At a Press conference in Tunis, Ferhat Abbas, self-styled President of the "provisional Government of the Algerian Republic," states his views regarding the French President's recent "self-determination" plan for the future of Algeria. Seated behind him are some of the "Ministers" in his "Government." From left they are: Lamine Debbaghine (Foreign Affairs); Mahmoud Cherif (Without Portfolio); Krim Belkacem (Defence); Ahmed Francis (North African Affairs); Lakhdar Ben Tobbal (Interior), and Abdelhamid Mehri (who also deals with North African Affairs). In his remarks Ferhat Abbas gave little hope of an immediate understanding between the Algerian Nationalists and the French Government, by insisting that he was the authority with whom an armistice in Algeria must be negotiated.

MOROCCAN SYMPATHY FOR FERHAT ABBAS: In his palace in Rabat, King Mahmoud of Morocco receives Abdel Latif Boussof (centre), who is the Minister of Communications in the Algerian Nationalist "Cabinet" of Ferhat Abbas. On left is Cheikh Keireddine, the Algerian Nationalists' Permanent Representative in the Moroccan capital. At the beginning of this month General de Gaulle was faced by the fact that Nationalist aspirations in Algeria seemed to be more firmly than ever supported from Morocco, Tunisia, and several other Arab States.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE MURDERED PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON: In the Parliament Building in Colombo, Dr. N. M. Perera, Leader of the Opposition, lays a wreath on the casket in which lies the body of Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike. The body lay in state for two days before the burial on Thursday of last week at the dead Premier's ancestral home at Horogolla, 20 miles from Colombo. Before this, two men had been charged with the assassination and been remanded in custody. Mr. Bandaranaike had been Prime Minister of Ceylon since 1956. He is succeeded by Mr. Dahanayake, who was reported to have stated that he would continue his predecessor's policies.

BURMESE LEADER IN CAIRO: General Ne Win, Prime Minister of Burma, shakes hands with President Nasser at the Kubbeh Presidential Palace. The Burmese Premier was beginning an eleven-day visit to the United Arab Republic. Becoming Prime Minister of Burma a year ago, General Ne Win had his term of office extended last March for a further year because of the unsettled internal situation of the country. His visit to Egypt was taken to indicate President Nasser's desire for closer relations with S.E. Asia.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN CAIRO AGAINST EXECUTIONS IN IRAQ: Carrying banners and slogans, university students stage a demonstration in the Egyptian capital two days after several Iraqi Army officers had been shot for having taken part in the Mosul revolt against General Kassem earlier this year. Egyptian newspapers violently attacked the Iraqi Premier referring to him by such epithets as "the Butcher of Bagdad." One journal reported that Iraq was "boiling" and armed patrols had been called out by the Kassem regime to deal with widespread opposition.

ANTI-COMMUNIST PRESSURE IN LAOS: Demonstrators march through Vientiane after attending a rally to protest against alleged Communist activities inside Laos and from over the borders. Observers reported that such rallies were common during the period the United Nations fact-finding mission was staying in the Laotian capital. Last week one member of the Mission, Mr. Habib Bourguiba, junior, returned to Europe to resume his post as Tunisian Ambassador in Paris. The other four members were expected to go to the northern province of Sam Neua to study on the spot the Laotian charges of North Vietnamese intervention.

World Affairs

The Perimeter of Agreement

By JOHN CONNELL

FOR the past month or more the joke about the realist, the pessimist and the optimist has been whizzing about the world. You know it? The optimist has his children taught English at school, the pessimist Russian, the realist Chinese. The first time I heard it I thought it neat, grim and funny. In London its original source, I believe, was a cocktail party at an Iron Curtain embassy. For speed of circulation it completely licked every Stock Exchange yarn of my unregenerate youth.

If he has any say in the education of those suddenly much-publicised grandchildren of his, Mr. Khrushchev obviously mingles all three characteristics. He electrified the reporters in the United States by crying "O.K.!" before he left, and delighted the crowds in Moscow by repeating this curious incantation when he landed at home. But no sooner was he there than he was off again to Pekin. Nothing could more dramatically or more forcefully illustrate the curious, uneasy, yet apparently unbreakable relationship that subsists between the Soviet Union and Communist China.

I would forfeit a king's ransom, or the contemporary equivalent thereof—a quarter of a million won in the pools—to have heard, and understood, Mr. Khrushchev's official interpreter giving to the Communist bosses in Pekin a full account in Chinese of his master's experiences and decisions in the United States, and an explanation of some at least of the compliments he exchanged with the imperialist-capitalist hyenas that he encountered there. Communism, as we all know, has a language all its own. But is it, in fact, the same language in Chinese as it is in Russian—or, for that matter, in English?

The word "peace," for example, is now on everybody's lips, in all three languages. But has it the same meaning for Lord Poole, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan as it has either for Mr. Khrushchev or Mao Tse-tung? I would not be so foolhardy as to venture a Chinese interpretation; but there does exist—and I admit that over the past five years I have found it quite invaluable—Mr. Harry Hodgkinson's scholarly little work, called *Double Talk*, which is a glossary of Communism, in its English and Russian modulations. We have all become accustomed to the wealth of belligerent metaphor with which Communists adorn their advocacy of peace; but Mr. Hodgkinson supplies a timely reminder that the Russian word for peace (Mir) is the same as that for World and for the Village Community, and points out that, while there is no need to stress these punning similarities too far, "it must be clear that phrases about fighting for, defending and conquering *Mir* rouse overtones in the Russian mind that are absent elsewhere."

This observation deserves to be pondered rather carefully. It explains why Communists brought up in the Russian tradition are so fiercely militant when they talk about peace, and why English-speaking Communists are always slightly ridiculous on this theme. *Mir* in Russian has a whole penumbra of passionate and colourful significance which is not evoked when it is parroted into the English "peace," and linked with all those martial, indeed heroic, verbs.

Yet peace, in English (though not when deployed as a weapon in the Communists' political warfare), has its own splendid, if nowadays unfamiliar, connotations. How unfamiliar I have lately been compelled to realise. A certain process of self-scrutiny about one's own attitude to this concept is not wholly unrewarding. Few men and women of my generation have any but the most distorted and battered ideas of what it means. At just turned fifty, I have only the haziest memories of a state of affairs, in this country and in the world at large, which my parents in their youth, and my grandparents throughout almost the whole of their lives, took completely for granted.

I have lived with violence and fear, war and the threat of war, since I was five years old. "Bang! Bang! You're dead! You're dead!" is not for me just a memory of play in a sunlit garden forty-five years ago; it has many disagreeable, bleakly factual associations in childhood and in maturity. But peace—how competent am I to judge what it really is? I grew up in a society that was conscious of mourning, loss and grief on a scale not known in this country since, I suppose, the Black Death; and the vast majority of those who had been killed were young men—ten or fifteen years older than myself. Their memory and their example were the strongest, most insistent influence on the lives of all my contemporaries.

We responded to this influence in various ways; some rebelled, my own reactions were those of affection, conformity and emulation. "Each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds"—that was my boyhood's world; and my young manhood was a clamorous nightmare of bellowings from Berlin and bleatings in Downing Street. If someone says "appeasement" to me to-day I reply "gas-chamber," and it requires no prolonged period on a couch in a darkened room to explain why.

Am I more or less fitted to comprehend the idea of peace because I have known its converse so long? Have I lived so long in the prison of violence, fear, suspicion and hatred that, when released, I should only stumble back to the dark gate, begging to be admitted again, dazzled and bewildered by my new, belated emancipation? It is heartening to record that Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Khrushchev, and for that matter, Mr. Harold Macmillan himself, appear to share none of my hesitations and dubieties. They may differ widely on their interpretation of peace, but they are all quite certain that it is the goal at which they are aiming, and that the prospects of its attainment are a good deal rosier than they were a few months ago.

Are we, in truth, confronted with the possibility (to rate it no higher) that, so far as the Soviet Union and its satellites on one side and the Atlantic Alliance on the other are concerned, that there may be an armistice, and, eventually, an end to, the Cold War?

One of the elements in Sir Winston Churchill's highly complex character (perhaps the most formidable) is that of prophecy. At the end of April 1945 he wrote to Stalin: "There is not much comfort in looking into a future where you and the countries you dominate, plus the Communist Parties in many other States, are all drawn up on one side, and those who rally to the English-speaking nations and their associates or Dominions are on the other. It is quite obvious that their quarrel would tear the world to pieces, and that all of us leading men on either side, who had anything to do with that, would be shamed before history. Even embarking on a long period of suspicions, of abuse and counter-abuse, and of opposing policies would be a disaster hampering the great developments of world prosperity for the masses which are attainable only by our trinity . . ."

This history of the past fourteen years is, in large measure, the record of the consequences of Stalin's neglect of this highly prescient warning. We have lived through, in increasing exasperation and disillusionment, that long period of suspicions, of abuse and counter-abuse, and of opposing policies, which Sir Winston foresaw with such terrible clarity. It has been a bad time, and the fear and the sense of menace implicit in it have been neurotically sharpened by the existence of nuclear weapons, and the consequent likelihood of the suicide of the human race and the destruction of all other forms of life on this planet. Yet even this neurosis has had its salutary and sobering effect. We have substituted brinkmanship for the ultimatum; and so far we have skeetered along the knife-edge of the precipice without tumbling. "New cataclysms of violence" have not, to quote Sir Winston once more, "destroyed all that is left of the treasures and liberties of mankind."

If Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, the speeches made and the communiques issued at its conclusion, have any meaning at all, it is that there is the sincere desire and intention, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, to avert further cataclysms of violence, and to transform peace from a rude word into a shared state of being.

This is in part the effect of the existence of the unique deterrent; in part of that weariness with, and rejection of, violence and war which are as marked—despite all the military postures still so much in evidence—in the Soviet Union as they are in Western nations; and in part of the Soviet Union's rapid transformation into a society in which consumer-satisfaction, on the cosiest, most material plane, is replacing—as it has largely replaced in Western European and North American societies—more metaphysical concepts of the good life. One of the more ironic consequences of the deflation and destruction of the materialist interpretation of history will be, it seems likely, the establishment of the idea of extended and multiplied material satisfaction as man's chief end. The loss to the human spirit is bound to be incalculable, but it looks as if one of the collateral gains will be peace—of a kind not known for centuries, if ever before in recorded history.

There looms, however, one important factor which may throw all these agreeable calculations out of gear; and it was recognition of this factor which sent Mr. Khrushchev hastening off to Pekin—gorged, as he was, with Middle West farming techniques, American views on automation, Press conferences and sentimental enjoyment of the company of those bonny grandchildren. Mao Tse-tung cannot afford to be slushy about his grandchildren. China is a land sprawling with an ever-increasing mass of grandchildren—millions upon millions of mouths to feed, and her industrial and scientific revolution only just beginning.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN CHINA: The Soviet leader is presented with a bouquet of flowers after his arrival at an airport near Pekin. Second from right is Mao Tse-tung and extreme right Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister. At a State banquet Mr. Khrushchev gave a strong warning that the Communist peoples should not attempt to test the stability of the capitalist system by the use of force.

China, India, South-East Asia and Africa supply the sombre corrective to any tendency to wax complacent about the relaxation of international tension, the abandonment of Berlin as a major issue of contention, and the agreement that there should be a Summit Conference. A well-fed, well-groomed, intensely bourgeois and self-satisfied audience greeted Mr. Khrushchev when he went and talked at the Sports Stadium in Moscow about his American jaunt.

The Soviet Union is rapidly joining the not very exclusive society of the "haves" of the Western world, elbowing its way in, a trifle *nouveau riche*, a trifle too eager to utter earthy, dialect wisecracks to prove its peasant and proletarian origin, but also as zestful in the pursuit of "culture" as the president of any ladies' luncheon club between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. But these harmless (or relatively harmless) and peaceable aspirations of the Soviet Union have a slightly macabre appearance when set alongside the contemporary reality of Communism in China. Mr. Khrushchev shows every sign of being acutely conscious of the sharpness of this contrast: his technique for blunting the edge of it may differ from that which the Western nations have sought to employ.

The interesting—and disquieting—truth is that talk as we all may, and talk with justification, of prosperity at home and peace abroad, we do so within, and only within, our own perimeter of experience; and that is as relevant to the Soviet Union's policies as it is to Britain's and America's.

After the first evening's rush-hour on the Chiswick Flyover the Automobile Association reported that it appeared to be a great success. Traffic moved at a good speed and smoothly. The queues of traffic, which used to stretch from the roundabout to Kew Bridge, had gone and the Chiswick High Road, for long a bottleneck, was relatively clear. One motorist commented that he could save up to twenty minutes on his journey from the City. The flyover was designed to handle 45,000 vehicles a day.

Carrying four lanes of traffic on its dual, 24-ft.-wide carriageways, the flyover embodies two bridges. The main one, consisting of four square spans each 125 ft. long and 59 ft. wide, carries the highway over the new roundabout, which copes with vehicles using the slip roads, the North Circular Road, the road to Kew Bridge, and the Chiswick High Road. The second bridge, east of the first, has one span 70 ft. long and 124 ft. wide. It carries the through road and the slip roads from the Cromwell Road Extension over Wellesley Road.

The works, extending for about half a mile, in the demolition of a certain amount of property a diversion of underground cables, mains and s The construction, costing £900,000, was generally go by the need that a smooth flow of traffic had maintained while work was proceeding.

The flyover was opened by Miss Jayne Ma the American film actress. A statement criticis design of the project was made by the main contr firm, the Alderton Construction Co., Ltd. Mr.

THE CHISWICK FLYOVER

Opening a Major Road Construction in London

NEW HIGHWAY FROM THE AIR: Traffic is using the Chiswick Flyover and the slip roads connected with it. In the left foreground is the Great West Road, and in the right background the Cromwell Road Extension. Running from the left centre to the roundabout is the North Circular Road, from the top the Chiswick High Road, and from the right the road to Kew Bridge. The large building (centre) is London Telecommunication Region's Wheatstone House. In front is the marquee used in the opening on Wednesday last week.

Dayton, joint managing director of the firm, said that with a modern design the flyover could have been built in half the time for half the cost. He also mentioned official obstruction resulting in delays to the work. The Ministry of Transport denied the obstruction charges and stated that the design was thought to be economical. The appearance of the flyover—the first major two-level highway to be built in the London area since the war—has been described as workmanlike, but lacking the elegance of the best modern concrete structures.

ROCKETS FOR RAIN: A farmer at Somma Compagna, near Verona, Northern Italy, places one of the long rockets in its simple launching cylinder.

ROCKET AWAY: Smoke belching from its tail, the rain-rocket streaks into the air. The missiles can gain a height of 5,000 ft. in a few seconds. They are aimed at rain and hail clouds.

WATCHING THE LAUNCHING: Spectators look through slits in the wall of a bunker as a rocket is fired. The speed may be about 375 m.p.h. The rocket carries explosives.

RAINMAKING BY ROCKET

A Successful Experiment in Northern Italy

Among primitive people many rites are practised for the purpose of rainmaking. In some African tribes there is a rainmaker, often the local chieftain, who uses magical stones and spears of traditional sanctity. In New Guinea and America the sound of a rising storm is imitated and sometimes clouds are simulated. Other tribes sprinkle old people with water. In nineteenth-century France the ceremonial immersion of saint images was still prevalent.

More practical and completely modern are the practices carried out by farmers in Northern Italy. They use rockets. This was started about ten years ago near Verona, where the rockets are manufactured. The success of the experiment can be judged from the fact that the rockets are exported to several countries in Europe, America and Asia. Recently a shipment was sent to the Soviet Union to be used in the southern regions of Georgia to protect grapes and vegetables from hail damage. By speeding rainfall, the rockets are said to have been used by hydro-electric companies.

Getting rid of the dangers of hailstorms is one of the rocket's main tasks. An anti-hail rocket is fired into the cloud, where it explodes. The hail is turned to water which eventually falls as rain, doing the crops no damage. The rocket carries, as well as explosives, certain other chemicals, scattered when the missile explodes at its maximum height. These chemicals accelerate rainfall. Some rockets are sent up with instruments, parachuted just before the explosion, to record particulars of cloud temperature and composition. The instruments, which are carried in the nose-cone, are also designed to show the height reached by the rocket.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE: The rockets are stored in a bedroom on the farm. This picture was taken some time ago and it is now realised that there are dangers from living too near the high explosives. Now they are usually kept in specially built sheds.

RUSHING TO THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE: *Left*—Carrying a long rocket, a girl hurries through the long grass from the rocket store. *Right*—Poultry scatter in alarm as a farmer runs towards the rocket launching site. The farmer is warned by telephone when clouds are approaching, and speed is essential. The rockets bring other benefits besides rainmaking. The explosion of a rocket in a hail cloud turns it into rain, thus averting damage to crops. Some rockets are used for research into cloud behaviour.

RESCUE OPERATIONS AT BARLETTA: Lorries, bulldozers and a crane are used by the firemen, police and civilians searching the rubble for the people buried alive after a five-storey block of flats had collapsed at the fishing port near Bari, on the Italian Adriatic coast. *Left*—All that is left of the block of flats is rubble and debris. Six hundred rescue workers laboured continuously in clearing the debris, work going on at night with the use of searchlights. The death-roll, as bodies were uncovered, reached fifty-eight, including a baby in a pram. The engineer who was responsible for the building placed himself at the disposal of the police force and was taken into custody. An official inquiry started. According to reports, some days before the disaster several flat-dwellers were said to have told the engineer that huge cracks had appeared in one of the main walls. The engineer, after an inspection, decided to inject liquid cement into the wall. None of the occupants of the building were warned that there was any danger. President Gronchi visited the scene shortly after the disaster, and the Italian Minister of Works, Signor Togni, who was at the time in Holland, announced that he would present an urgent Bill to Parliament to tighten construction rules and the control of materials in reinforced concrete buildings.

Disaster at Barletta

Many Occupants Killed in the Collapse of a Modern Block of Flats in Southern Italy

TRADITIONAL AND NEW METHODS COMBINE FOR PROSPECTING IN THE DESERT OF NORTH AFRICA: Camels carrying dynamite for firing seismic shots move over a hill in the sands of Libya. The "ships of the desert" were used in this operation of the BP Exploration Company (Libya) because no mechanised transport could drive over these steep dunes.

IN THE COURSE OF AN 800-[mile] JOURNEY: BP prospecto[rs] at Sebha, in the Fezzan, and their vehicles below the fort. [They] were on their way from [Sebha] on an 800-mile drive to [the] Camp at one of the conc[essions] granted to the Company in [Libya]

SEARCH FOR OIL IN LIBYA

Prospecting in the Remoteness of the North African Desert

For the past few years many teams of scientists and technicians have been engaged in various parts of the vastness of Africa in searching for oil. There are prospectors hoping to find deposits which will be commercially exploitable in Nigeria, in the Sahara and in Libya. In the last-named country fourteen companies are carrying out explorations. Among them is the BP Exploration Company (Libya), and it is with this organisation's prospecting operations that the pictures on these pages are concerned.

Libya has a total area of 810,000 sq. miles, nine times the size of Great Britain, and 90 per cent. of it is almost entirely uninhabited desert. Much of this huge wilderness of sand and salt flats is still unexplored, and it is possible that there are areas men will never penetrate. Cultivated localities are few and far between, small isolated oases growing palm and sisal.

The BP Company received its first concession in 1956, covering areas in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. A year later two more concessions were granted—in Tripolitania and in the Fezzan in the south of Libya. The records of the BP teams show something of the enormous difficulties which have to be overcome, even in making the preliminary surveys. The lack of maps is a severe handicap in charting a course through the oceans of sand or the extensive salt flats. In some areas sand dunes form barriers of hills which are inaccessible to mechanised transport, and supplies and equipment have to be carried by camels.

Yet in this wilderness there is no little evidence of mankind's activities in the past. Traces of the occupation by Ancient Rome and of the Arab and Turkish conquests are found from time to time, and of more recent history, of World War II, there are abundant reminders. Prospecting teams are accustomed to coming suddenly upon some battle relic—an ammunition or food dump with crates of bully beef still in good condition; the turreted wreckage of an R.A.F. bomber; boxes of hand grenades; and occasionally in parts of the desert too remote for the Libyan scrap-metal gatherers, a shattered tank or armoured car.

Such relics can be passed by. But there are other grim reminders which require action on the part of the prospectors. These are the minefields. During 1957, mine-clearance groups were occupied for the whole year in the BP concession in Cyrenaica. It is estimated that in the whole of the Libyan Desert to-day some 4,000,000 mines still lie under the sand in known minefields. It is believed that there are about another 1,000,000 buried mines in fields of which the precise location is unknown.

REMINDERS OF THE WAR: Mine detectors are being used in approaching a barbed entanglement in the Fezzan. Not the least difficulty of oilmen in the [Libya] is the clearance of minefields which still remain in large numbers in the

The mines are a menace to any explorers in the desert. To oil men they present a particular menace. For one of the most widely used methods in the search for oil is the "seismic" system. This is the firing of charges underground. The explosion produces a small artificially-created earthquake shock. Instruments record the result of the shock on rocks buried deeply below the surface. From the records it can be decided whether there is any likelihood of the strata being oil-bearing. Obviously, the setting off of an explosion in the middle of an unsuspected minefield might have the most catastrophic results on the prospecting party. Even in regions where shots are not being fired, lanes must be made and plainly marked through the mines, so that transport can safely reach the operational areas.

In spite of these many difficulties due to natural and other causes, exploration work has been continued systematically by the BP teams since 1956. The scope and variety of the work is illustrated by the activities which were being carried out in April this year. In the Fezzan a party of geologists spent the month checking on the ground photogeological maps produced by [the] Company's London office. Another party was investigating the Syrtica area in Cyrenaica. A third was to the south in Eastern Libya, reconnoitring a route to [the] oasis of Kufra.

Also in Cyrenaica two rigs were drilling for [water] which was badly needed for camps, and in the west [of the] country, seismic shot-hole firing was being carried out [near] Tripoli and deep in the south at Tango camp, in [the] Fezzan. Besides these operations and explorations, every team the usual routine work was proceeding: examination of fossils and the correlation of well [logs], the study of information exchanged with compet[itors] and the inevitable day-to-day administration and [liaison] with government officials and local authorities.

This month it is hoped there will be positive [results] when the deepest BP test well to date is "spudded" in Cyrenaica, some 200 miles south of Tobruk. Equipment capable of drilling to a depth of 12,000 ft. is being transported by lorries along mine-cleared tracks and aircraft are being employed to supply the twenty members of the drilling team who will spend eight [or nine] months on the site.

SLOW BUT SURE: A hole is drilled in the soft sand. It is a laborious process, for often the drilling bit will have to be loosened by digging. But the time taken may be rewarding. A shot will be inserted into the finished hole and from its explosion information will be gathered about the possibility of oil below ground.

On right—

EXPLOSION: A cloud of sand and smoke rises in the air after a shot has been triggered off below ground. The seismic method is used after a preliminary geological and geophysical survey has shown the possibility of oil lying in the area.

SEISMIC SURVEY: A geophone has been sunk in the foreground and the vehicle drives away, paying out the line to a point for another geophone. These instruments record the shocks of explosions on deeply-buried rock.

DRILLING OPERATION: A rigger squats to remove the bit from a drill during work in the remote Fezzan. BP plans to start drilling at its deepest well to date in Libya 200 miles south of Tobruk in the near future.

IT IS NUTTING TIME

The Hazel—the Only Wild Tree Producing an Edible Nut: Nut-Picking and "Keeping up With the Joneses"

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN, the other day, I told the daughter of a neighbour of mine that I would shortly be going nutting, I found to my surprise (and dismay) that she had not the faintest idea what I meant. She is a normally intelligent child—I would guess that she is above the average—but she did not appear to know that any nuts, except walnuts and chestnuts, grew on trees in this country and may be had just for the labour of gathering them. She knew about cob nuts, but she had not connected them with hazel trees. No one had told her.

You may find this unbelievable (and I would not blame you), but it is the bald truth. Do not think that this child is altogether exceptional. Since then, I have been talking to other children around here, some of them village children, and all of them, I suppose, country children, even though the children of townsfolk who have come to live a little way out of town. But I have been unable to find one who goes nutting.

Most of them just did not know what I meant. I do not think that it would be an exaggeration to say that this was true of all the children of "settlers," but it was also true of some of the genuine village children. At any rate, they looked blank enough when I used the word. The others, the majority, knew well enough what I meant. But with two exceptions, they do not go nutting. The two exceptions, a brother and sister, are really pretty knowledgeable about country things and know this countryside well. I am not sure about them, but I rather think they do. They gave me that straight, honest stare, which in the countryman so often conceals a lie; perhaps they didn't like to confess in case nutting was not respectable. But the others did not know what was meant or, if they did, did not go nutting.

I find this quite extraordinary. When I was a child nutting was a great occasion, and I am sure that it was so not only in the rather isolated part of the country where I was brought up, but everywhere. I am sure that it was so even around here, where now the children look blank when you mention the word. Their parents—or at least those now in the thirties—know well what is meant and most went nutting. The older village people all did so, habitually or occasionally. Some of the really old, men and women in their eighties, when I spoke to them about it, remembered some of the old customs; nut-burning at Hallowe'en, for instance. Does anyone, by the way, know the origin of that custom? Is it a relic of some form of Beltane? It was, however, a custom here as it was in so many parts of the country.

In some parts nutting-time used to be made the occasion for real celebrations on quite a considerable scale. These celebrations most commonly followed the form of the election of a mock mayor just for Nutting Day. There was no fixed date for this: it fell when the nuts were ripe, which is usually towards the end of October, but always before Hallowe'en. Nut-burning was really a part of the Hallowe'en festivities and not strictly a nutting-time festivity. Almost everywhere, perhaps everywhere, the election seems to have been held just outside the town or parish boundaries, and the man elected seems always to have been a "character" rather than a notably worthy citizen. For example, at Penryn the wittiest man (I wonder what was actually covered by that adjective?) was elected, the election took place in the neighbouring parish of Mylor, and the successful candidate was known as the Mayor of Mylor. After the election he was carried into Penryn on the shoulders of four men, who were preceded by torch-bearers and a band. Bonfires were lit in his honour, nuts were burned, and at night there was a display of fireworks, dancing and the usual rural slap-and-tickle.

Almost exactly similar celebrations, with the election of a mock mayor, were held at Leigh, in Lancashire, at Rugeley, in Staffordshire, at Mold, in Flintshire, and at many other places throughout England and Wales. It may well be that "Gwonny Jokesane's Day" was also a Nutting Day festivity. Nobody knows who or what Gwonny Jokesane was, but a mock mayor was elected, carried on the shoulders of men in a disorderly procession, and again there were fireworks and dancing, and what goes with it. Though there is no mention of nut-burning, it sounds very similar to a true Nutting Day celebration. What is against it is that it was always held on the same day, October 25 (St. Crispin's Day), the day after Ovingham Fair. The season is right, but hazel nuts are not as punctual as all that.

There are other nut-bearing trees; but the hazel is the only one that matters. The sweet chestnut has been here long enough (it may well have been introduced by the Romans), but nobody could say that it has been a very successful bearer of edible fruit, no matter how successful as a tree, throughout its centuries of residence. That is the fault of climatic conditions. The same is really true of the almond and the walnut. Both are successful enough as trees, but it is rare for them to be cultivated successfully for their fruit except in the south of England. In any case, these are introduced and cultivated trees and, when they produce a sufficiency of fruit, they are jealously guarded.

TWO TYPES OF NUT: In the wicker-baskets are cultivated Kentish cobs, which have large, thick shells. *On right*—Chestnuts have spiky coverings. Cultivated nuts are usually picked in September, while they are still green.

The point about the hazel is that it is wild. It is not the only wild nut-bearing tree in England. The beech produces enormous quantities of little triangular nuts, known as beechmast. They provide a wonderful harvest for the mice and the squirrels and other inhabitants of the woodland. I have been assured that the beechmast is edible for humans, too. I have tried it, and I cannot agree. I shall continue to think that we have only one tree which in the wild state produces an edible nut—and that is the hazel.

There are a number of different sorts of hazel nuts: the wild hazel, and cobs, "Barcelonas" and filberts, the last three being cultivated forms of the first. At least, I have been assured that there is a true difference between the "Barcelona" and the filbert, though I have never been able to see it for myself. The feature which distinguishes between hazel, cob and filbert is the length of the husk or involucre. In filberts this is longer than the nut; in cobs it is roughly equal; in hazels it is less than the length of the nut. It is wiser to rely on this rather than on the name: for example, the Kentish cob (*Corylus tubulosa*), which is a large, thick-shelled nut, the kernel of which has a reddish coat, is also known as the Great Cob, as Lambert's Filbert and as a "Barcelona." It is not a filbert, and some filberts are also known as "Barcelonas."

Cultivated nuts are usually picked in September, while they are still green: and this is done for the simple reason that the unripe nuts weigh heavier. But hazel nuts, the wild nuts, are best picked just as they are ripening, when the green husks are beginning to fray and turn yellow, when the pale nuts inside are just beginning to brown. This is in October. The nuts should be picked in their jackets, for then they will continue to ripen and they will be sweet and good to eat as late as Christmas or even later.

Nutting is great fun and wonderfully rewarding: not necessarily in the haryest it brings (though that may well exceed expectations), but in personal satisfaction. It requires patience. To begin with, the trees do not seem to carry much fruit. You search and search, and find only an occasional nut. But soon—it generally seems to take me about a quarter of an hour or so—you find that you are becoming clever at it, and that is a most satisfactory experience. All that has happened is that the eye has become accustomed to the "underwater light" of the hazel grove and now registers the gleam amidst the green. Suddenly the beautiful sheathed clusters are no longer hidden by the leaves: now they almost twinkle at you. Now is the time to return to the trees you have already searched with such meagre success (for if you do not do so immediately you will forget which ones they were), for from them you will now, as like as not, secure a big harvest where, but a short time before, there was not a nut to be seen. The biggest nuts, by the way, grow on the highest branches and can usually only be reached with the aid of a stick.

It is sad to think that the children round here should know nothing of these delights. I do not suppose that they are really different from the children in most other similar districts; districts to which there has been an influx of townspeople in recent years. I wonder why nutting has gone out of fashion? I suppose that the explanation is simple enough in the case of the children of former townspeople: their parents never went nutting. But it is not so easy to account for the genuinely country children. Their parents and their grandparents went nutting, and here is a food even richer than grain, as well the old folk knew. Why, then, should the custom have died out?

Well, this is not, it seems to me—in this district, at any rate—something confined to nuts. This year has been a most magnificent year for blackberries: it is many years since I have seen such a profusion of magnificent fruit. A few years ago there would have been tough competition for the berries. You would have needed to keep a sharp eye and to be out at just the right time, for the hedges would soon have been stripped. This year there was no real competition. You could take your time, have a hedgerow to yourself, pick pounds and pounds. The children just were not interested. The only serious pickers were a few elderly or middle-aged women, country women, and myself. For the rest, it seems to me, people now prefer to buy their blackberries: just as they now prefer to buy the cultivated mushroom rather than to get up early and gather their own in the fields.

But I do not believe that it is just a matter of laziness. I am sure that it is not. I believe that underlying it is a queer, distorted social prestige all wrapped up in this business of the rising standard of living! If your children go nutting or blackberrying or mushrooming, it might be thought that you cannot afford to buy these things: something like that. "Keeping up with the Joneses" in these days of "never having it so good" has some disturbing manifestations.

THE ELECTION IN GUILDHALL: At the traditional ceremony of electing the new Lord Mayor of London, Liverymen raise their hands in assent as the name of Sir Edmund Stockdale is shown. The Livery then cried "All." To that of Mr. E. Calcott Pryce, Alderman and Horner, the assembly cried "Next year," and to the succeeding names "Later on" and "Another time." Sir Edmund, who will be admitted to office on Friday, November 13, succeeds Sir Harold Gillett. Elected to the Court of Common Council of the City of London in 1946, Sir Edmund became Alderman of Cornhill in 1948. He is a Liveryman of the Carpenters' Company. A partner in a City firm of stockbrokers, the Lord Mayor-Elect is fifty-six. After entering the Bank of England in 1921, he became an Assistant Principal in 1937 and Deputy Principal in 1941 before he retired four years later.

AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION: Sir Edmund Stockdale leads the Aldermen and High Officers of the City from the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, at the corner of Guildhall Yard, to Guildhall. After the election ceremony in Common Hall, the Lord Mayor-Elect thanked the Livery. He referred to the fact that his wife was a great-granddaughter of a U.S. Vice-President.

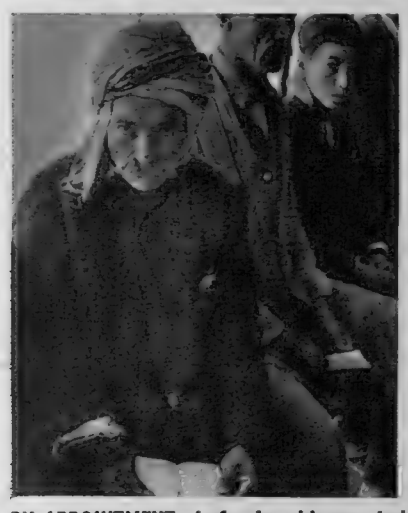
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

The Election of Sir Edmund Stockdale to Succeed Sir Harold Gillett

TREATMENT FOR A DISEASE-RIDDEN POPULATION: The tent in the suburb of Djebel Lahmar, in Tunis, is the mobile centre of one of the teams fighting against tuberculosis under a scheme promoted by the World Health Organisation, the United Nations Children's Fund (U.N.I.C.E.F.) and the national authorities. The campaign is being undertaken for a two-year period.

YOUNG VICTIMS: Many of the children in this p of Djebel Lahmar are certain to have tu losis. According to some estimates, 60 pe of the children in the suburb are victim

A FAMILIAR SIGHT AT MIDDAY: A queue consisting of women and children has formed outside a centre for the free food distributed to T.B. p



BY APPOINTMENT: *Left*—An old man holds his appointment card as he waits for examination at the health centre. *Right*—A woman wearing large ear-rings is measured. The centres have an appointments system for their many patients.

WAITING FOR AN X-RAY EXAMINATION: A veiled woman holds her baby under her robe as she waits to be examined.

TUNIS FIGHTS TUBERCULOSI

A Campaign Sponsored by United Nations Agencies and the National Authorities to Eradicate the Disease in a Suburb of the North African Capital

"Tuberculosis is the most serious social scourge in Tunisia." These words occur in a recent report from the World Health Organisation. Among the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the country one of the areas where the people are most affected by the disease is undoubtedly the suburb of Djebel Lahmar in the capital. Families are crowded into squalid hovels in narrow streets and alleys in conditions which inevitably encourage the spread of T.B. No precise figure can be given of the number of victims of the disease in the district. Some estimates put it at 50 per cent. of the population of all ages. Among children alone it may be as high as 60 per cent.

A year ago a campaign against the infection was started in Djebel Lahmar by the World Health Organisation and the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) in co-operation with the Tunisian authorities. It was decided that the campaign should be carried on for two years, until 1960, and if the results proved successful in the suburb, the scheme should be extended to the whole of Tunisia.

The object of the plan has been described by the W.H.O. as follows: "To carry out study into the efficacy of INH as a therapeutic and a prophylactic agent against T.B. and the advantages of treatment in the home compared with the hospital." INH (Isoniazid Hydrochloric) is a vitamin C substance taken in tablet form through the mouth. The medical campaigners in Djebel Lahmar aim at going to the people, rather than in the first instance drawing them into clinics or hospitals. For this purpose a number of mobile headquarters or centres, usually in tents, are moved from point to point among the crowded dwellings. From these centres teams have set out to make a health survey of the entire population.

A house-to-house canvass is being made by the medical workers. At each home inquiries are made into the state of health of the family. If any members are found to be suffering from T.B.—and this happens frequently—one of two courses is followed. If the cases are mild, tablets are handed out and instructions are given for treatment in the home. Serious cases, of course, have to go into hospital. All the inhabitants—adults and children—are encouraged to call at a mobile centre where they are weighed and measured and given a thorough medical examination so that full details can be entered on individual record cards.

Centres supplement treatment in the home and are always ready with advice on the right regimen to rid the sufferers of the disease. Another important service is a free meal every day. In a poverty-stricken area such as Djebel Lahmar people cannot afford to buy the right food to help them towards a cure. So each patient is given a numbered meal card which he produces daily at the canteen department of the centre and receives an adequate and balanced diet.

In a land where ignorance is often the enem progress, the campaign had to be carefully laun The Tunisian authorities and various national org tions arranged public meetings at which health e explained the aim of the scheme and other mea propaganda were employed. The measure of their s in obtaining co-operation from the public can be j from the fact that to date it is reported only one pe a woman, has refused to undergo examination. She self was willing, but her husband, presumably on re grounds, would not permit her to be examined by doctors.

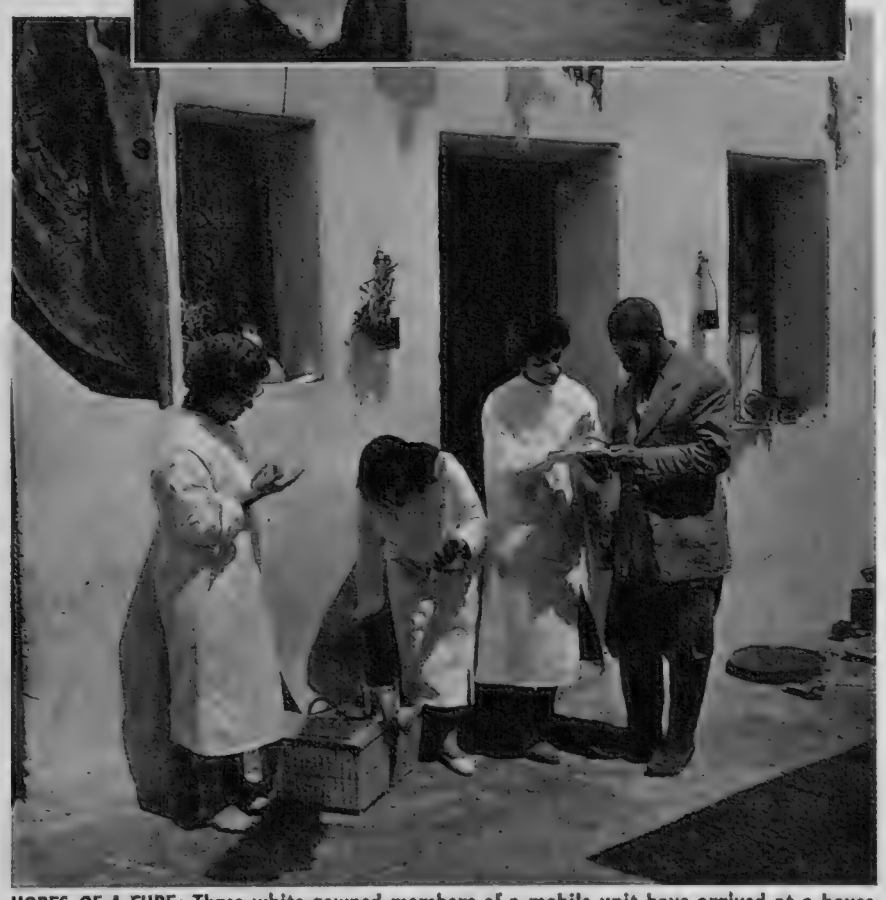
It is too early yet to give any report on the res the campaign. But if the zeal of the health workers the desire of the people to cure themselves are any g there should be every hope of success. Ultimately slums will have to be abolished to ensure any h extinction of tuberculosis. Meanwhile, the U Nations agencies are showing in Tunis, as elsewhe the world, how to attack one of the most widesp and serious diseases of our times.

A BREEDING-GROUND FOR THE INFECTION: Among families living in hovels such as these tuberculosis spreads rapidly. Djebel Lahmar is densely populated and has been chosen as a pilot area for the treatment scheme which may be extended to the whole of Tunisia.

On left—
THE RIGHT DIET: A sufferer from T.B. is handed a free meal consisting of the best food to help him towards a cure.

On right—
TREATMENT: Detailed case histories of every patient are made out in the mobile health centre. Height and weight are also noted on the medical cards.

DOOR-TO-DOOR CANVASS: A health visitor records details of members of a household. An important part of the anti-tuberculosis campaign is the inquiry being made at every household. The people of Djebel Lahmar are very willing to co-operate in the campaign.



HOPES OF A CURE: Three white-gowned members of a mobile unit have arrived at a house where several members of the family are believed to be infected. The man is being given careful instructions about the tablets which must be taken if a cure is to be achieved.

The Sphere of Travel

SOUTHERN YUGOSLAVIA

A Journey by Bus through Macedonia, Montenegro and Serbia, from the Dalmatian Coast to Belgrade

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH Macedonia and southern Serbia can be easily reached to-day, they still remain almost unknown to the ordinary tourist, and hardly any travel agent can advise you about these territories. Yet, for the traveller seeking something different in holidays there is much to commend them. Nor need you fear unpleasant accommodation, for there is now quite a number of good hotels in this part of Yugoslavia.

A recent journey of mine had as its main goal visits to the fascinating Byzantine monasteries which are a feature of the countryside. Perhaps Skopje, capital of Macedonia, is the best starting-point for such explorations—it is easily accessible by rail or air—but I chose to make my way there from the Dalmatian coast. Travelling by bus from the delightful medieval seaside town of Budvah, we climbed the zigzag road, offering splendid views over the coast and sea, to Cetinje, former capital of the Principality of Montenegro. It is a sleepy place and cannot, I think, be much changed from the time when a Royal court demanded the presence of diplomatic representatives—a kind of punishment centre, I imagine, for foreign offices.

Situated in a fertile, green valley, but surrounded by the arid and desolate *karst*, Cetinje is frankly dull. Yet its former Royal palace, now a museum, holds pathetic memories, and a climb up the nearby Mount Lovcen offers a rewarding view. And here stands the lonely mausoleum of the poet Njegos, a hero-patriot.

Setting out at 5 a.m. for Titograd, the new capital of the Federal Republic of Montenegro, the road continues to be desolate, although the hills are less barren. The bus skirted Lake Scutari—the largest lake in the Balkans, which is shared with Albania—and the keen fisherman might like to stay in either Rijeka or Virpazar; the waters are rich in fish, especially carp and eel, while there are also many wild duck and other waterfowl. Titograd, situated in the midst of a fertile plain, is a war-ruined but resurrected modern town: dull and dusty, yet with a good hotel. As a whole, though, Montenegro, with its great diversity of mountains, canyons and lakes, is particularly attractive and can be recommended for those seeking an unusual kind of holiday.

The drive beyond Titograd really defies description, for the road climbs up several mountain passes, some over 6,000 ft. high. Careful driving is essential, for the road surfaces are generally poor. We had a lunch-halt at Andrejevica, where there is a pleasant tourist hotel. It would be a nice place for a holiday. Our way led through some delightful wooded country, culminating in the narrow and most spectacular Rugovica gorge, where the mountainsides rise almost perpendicularly to the sky. During the First World War the Serbian army began the dreadful winter retreat into the mountains of Albania via this defile. We then reached Pec, a colourful town with a very mixed population and a strong Turkish atmosphere. Although conditions there are distinctly primitive, there is an excellent new hotel. Here I visited, in the outskirts, the fine Patriarchal Church, closely linked with the history of medieval Serbia. It has many interesting frescoes dating from the thirteenth century onwards, as well as many other interesting art treasures.

A dozen miles south of Pec is "Sublime Decani," one of the most famous of all the monasteries in South Serbia. Beautifully situated, this masterpiece of red and grey marble is a mixture of the Romanesque and Byzantine styles. The carvings round the doors and windows are of birds and animals, and the interior of the church is completely covered with frescoes. This is the largest and best-preserved Serbian monastery—and my favourite.

From Pec my bus took me to Prizren, one-time capital of the Serbian State; it still preserves the appearance of an Oriental town, and it was once a great merchant city on the great silk route from the East to the Adriatic. It possesses an interesting cathedral and a lovely sixteenth-century mosque. Although in theory our bus was only making a 15-minute halt, we waited an hour until a dilatory passenger returned from his business. Incidentally, the group singing, a kind of melancholy droning, by my fellow-passengers, was not appealing.

Skopje, Macedonia's capital, is a busy and fast-growing metropolis to-day. On all sides are signs of development, for there is much leeway in every direction to be made up. The dominating features are, however, the minarets, one of them claiming to be the tallest minaret in the world. In the old town live the silversmiths, wood-carvers, and so on, carrying on their traditional crafts. This is a good place for the souvenir-buyer. Among the places of interest the most important is St. Saviour's Church, sunk in the ground in a courtyard and containing a superb carved wooden iconostasis, the screen separating the sanctuary from the main part of the church. Also to be noted in Skopje are the Fortress (now a museum) and the Kursumli Han, formerly a caravanserai, then a Turkish prison, and now housing the Archæological Museum.

In the mountains and river valleys around Skopje there is a multitude of medieval churches and monasteries, outstanding being the eleventh-century monastery of Nerezi.

ON THE ROAD IN MONTENEGRO: The bus negotiates a mountain road in the rocky and desolate landscape of the former Principality on the Dalmatian coast, which is now one of the People's Republics forming Yugoslavia.

THE LAKES OF PLITVICE: Situated in Southern Yu... of the most beautiful sights in Europe.

Travelling now by car, I made for Otesevo, on... Prespa, visiting the interesting Roman remains at ... and passing through the towns of Prilep and Bit... the way. Here is the heart of the tobacco-growing co... There is a workers' hotel at Otesevo, where I ... comfortably. This is a good centre for climbing ... tions and there are several mountain huts. The ... also is good. The lake itself is interesting, but ... picturesque as Lake Ohrid.

Ohrid, the largest holiday resort in Macedo... beautifully situated, but perhaps the most surprising ... there is its new Palace Hotel, which must have ... planned by a Hollywood-minded architect. The ... is really quite astounding, and I cannot speak too ... of the meals I had there, all of which included the ... "Letnica" fish, belonging to the salmon family ... extremely tasty. The Macedonian Belovina white ... can also be commended.

The old town of Ohrid is fascinating, and it is ... as a national monument. There are the two lovely ... tine churches of Sv. Kliment and Sv. Sofia, both ... outstanding thirteenth-century frescoes. There are ... notable Byzantine churches alongside Lake Ohrid ... will only mention Sv. Jovan Bogoslov, on a rocky ... montory, and Sv. Naum, on the eastern end and ... on the frontier of Albania. My guide was most cons... that I should not walk in the wrong direction! ... lovely church, set amidst glorious scenery, is one ... glad I did not miss. Not only are there fine frescoes ... the tomb of St. Naum is remarkably well preser... Altogether, many days could be spent profitably and ... ably in Ohrid, which can now be reached during ... summer by air from Skopje.

Returning to the Macedonian capital by another ... more direct route, we passed through some wo... mountain scenery to reach Sv. Jovan Bigorski, ... hidden in the trees. Apart from the usual fine fres... the church contains a magnificently carved wooden ... stasis, the work of the brothers Filipovic. In the ... of Macedonia are two interesting villages: Lazaro... (renowned for its costumes and folk dances—also ...

NEW LANDS TO CONQUER

It is not easy for a travel agent to find almost ... undiscovered places for holidays, but Wings ... Limited (48, Park Road, N.W.1) offer some tours ... which are quite exceptional. They include a ... Christmas air cruise to Greece, visiting Athens, ... Rhodes, Crete and Pisa; an air tour to the Canary ... Islands, costing only 74 guineas for a fortnight's ... holiday; and a tour to the Middle East, which ... embraces Athens, Rhodes, Beirut and Lebanon, ... Damascus, Jerusalem and Jordan (including an ... optional visit to Petra), Crete and Pisa.

I would also like to draw attention to a Grand ... Tour of Egypt organised by Milbanke Tours ... Limited (164, Piccadilly, W.1). For an inclusive ... price of £135 10s. the itinerary embraces visits to ... Aswan and Luxor, with optional alternatives of ... a Nile cruise, and to Alexandria. I need hardly ... stress the fascination of Egypt, and this is one ... of the first opportunities of renewing contact with ... this seductive land.

e lakes, in their wild and wooded surroundings, are one possible for visitors to stay at a first-class hotel.

carpets and cheeses), and Galicnik, where on St. Peter's Day (July 12) it is the custom to celebrate mass marriages.

Elsewhere in Macedonia I would like to mention the little lake of Doiran, where the fishermen use trained birds to drive the fish into a wicker trap, collecting them in nets. Only simple accommodation, however, is available in the local village.

From Skopje I continued by main road to Belgrade, but except towards the end the road was very bumpy. I was rewarded, however, by visiting the fourteenth-century monastery at Gracanika, one of the most beautiful monuments of Serb architecture in the Middle Ages. Close by is the site of the battle of Kosovo (with monument), where the Turks conquered the Serbs in 1389. Here perished the flower of Serbian chivalry. Sopocani, 12 miles to the west of Novi Pazar, was erected in the thirteenth century. This monastery lies amidst idyllic surroundings, and it is a most valuable repository of old Serbian painting. The frescoes there represent a peak of achievement of European thirteenth-century painting. Especially famed is the Death of the Holy Virgin. Not least of the attractions of this rather remote spot is its small Tourist Inn, where the *pension* terms are about 15s. a day and you are wonderfully looked after by the friendly manager-cum-chef-cum-waiter-cum-porter, etc. This is really an idyllic spot for a quiet holiday, but don't expect running water in your room.

The next night brought me to Matarusku Banja, a pleasantly situated spa which to-day caters mainly for the proletariat. Nearby is the Zica Monastery, with its great red church containing some important frescoes. Then, from my romantic tour into the Byzantine past, I came to the rather drab city of Belgrade, where I lodged at the Hotel Metropol, quite the best hostelry in the country. But before returning home I took the opportunity to visit, via Zagreb (an attractive city), the famous lakes of Plitvice. I am not exaggerating when I claim this is the most beautiful sight in all Europe, possibly even in the world; and it offers a first-class hotel.

Finally, in this far-too-brief survey of the interesting places to be found in Southern Yugoslavia, I would like to emphasise the friendliness encountered everywhere by the traveller. There is no more hospitable people in Europe.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143, *Regent Street*, *London*, *W.*1.

HOTEL RECOMMENDATIONS

Budvah: Avala.
Cetinje: Grand (*with reservations*).
Titograd: Crna Gora.
Pec: Matohija (*an oasis*).
Skopje: Macedonija (*adequate, but with hot water*).
Otesevo: Otesevo (" *matey*," *with comfortable rooms*).
Ohrid: Palace (*super-Hollywood*).
Sopocani: Tourist Inn (*idyllic*).
Matarusku Banja: Spa Hotel (*adequate*).
Belgrade: Metropol (*really first-class*).
Zagreb: Esplanade (*old-fashioned, but satisfactory*).
Plitvice: Plitvice (*idyllic and first-class*).

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE OHRID: High on a promontory overlooking the water is the Byzantine church of Sv. Jovan Bogoslov. Ohrid itself is the largest seaside resort in Macedonia; the old part is classified as a national monument.

AUTUMN AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

Anyone contemplating flying to West Africa would be well advised to book his passage as early as possible beforehand. Space on flights is very difficult to obtain at short notice.

While the names Intourist and Cedok are familiar enough as the names of the official Russian and Czech tourist organisations, perhaps not many people have heard of Balkan Tours, the official Bulgarian tourist travel organisation, who arrange tours and travel in that country. They also operate hotels and restaurants in Sofia and in some other of the larger towns and resorts. There are five categories of hotels in Bulgaria, ranging from 25s. to £3 10s. a day, full board *pension*, no other rates being quoted.

Since October 4, Pullman cars on certain Continental boat trains have been withdrawn and replaced by buffet cars staffed by Pullman attendants. Pullman cars, however, will still be found on the Golden Arrow, together with the ten o'clock London to Dover and the 1.25 London to Folkestone services.

There is a likelihood of more sleeping-car accommodation being available on winter sports trains between December 17 and January 15 from Calais to Interlaken, Calais to Coire, and Calais to Innsbruck. If you are thinking of travelling by air, however, to the Dolomites, B.E.A. are laying on a through air/road service via Venice to Cortina d'Ampezzo, available twice weekly from December 18.

Norway is making a great effort to meet the criticism that winter sports resorts there are lacking in mechanical aids. Seven new ski-lifts have been installed—two at Andalsnes and one each at Boverdal, Geilo, Rjukan, Seljestad and Vraliosen. This makes a total of thirty-nine ski-lifts available for the whole of Norway—quite an achievement. In addition, snow-mobiles will be found at certain resorts where as yet no ski-lifts have been built.

You can now take your car by air to Jersey. If you wish afterwards to go on to Cherbourg, a new service operating on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays began on October 5. Freight charges for a car range from £8 to £23, single fare.

The wine harvest will be about a month earlier in the Alsace region. Instead of the grapes being ready at the beginning of November they were ready at the end of September. Local experts say it will be a vintage year and the best since 1874. Never before have the grapes been so full of sugar. It is reckoned it will take two years to make the wine. This year's wine festivals in Alsace should be memorable. There is a direct air service from London to Blotzheim Airport.

W. D. C. C.

THE VARIOUS ROLES OF THE HELICOPTER

Demonstrating an American Amphibious Type in London; Versions of the Westland Westminster; and an Australian Autogyro

AN AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER: At the Westland Heliport at Battersea, in London, a Sikorsky S-62 lands on the water of the Thames during a recent demonstration. It was the first time that the helicopter had been seen in Britain and the first time a specifically-designed amphibious helicopter has visited the country. At present on a world tour, it was flown at Battersea during a demonstration arranged by Westland Aircraft Limited, which constructs Sikorsky helicopters under licence in England. The S-62 uses many of the well-tried components of the S-55, including all rotor blades, gear-boxes and portions of the flying control and hydraulic systems. But it is powered by a General Electric shaft turbine instead of a piston engine. This means it is some 700 lb. lighter and can carry a larger payload than the S-55. The new helicopter has been designed for amphibious operations; it has a water-tight fuselage, which has been strengthened to allow landings on water or snow. Two outrigger floats are mounted well away from the fuselage to counteract pitching and rolling. The helicopter can carry 8 to 12 passengers in a 14-ft.-long cabin. It first flew in the spring of 1958. Its performance figures include a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h., a cruising speed of 90 m.p.h., and a service ceiling of 15,700 ft.

A PROPOSED MILITARY VERSION OF THE WESTMINSTER: Designed as a development of an existing Westland Westminster prototype helicopter, the model shows a version equipped as a short haul transport aircraft. The pod which is carried under the fuselage could be adapted to different military and civil roles. For example, the Westminster could carry a mobile field hospital to be transported to devastated areas where the roads were unusable. In other versions the Westminster can be used as a flying crane carrying bulky loads slung below the long, thin fuselage, or a transport for troops, stores or vehicles. The Westminster, which is made by Westland Aircraft Limited, can carry a 5-ton load for 100 miles at over 100 m.p.h.

ON LAND: The Sikorsky S-62 turbine-powered helicopter stands on the ground at the Westland helicopter port at Battersea. The wheels can be partially retracted into the floats in flight.

On left—

ON WATER: On the Thames at Battersea the amphibious helicopter leaves a wake as it taxis in a circle during a demonstration run. The aircraft is being shown all over the world by the makers; it was demonstrated in Paris last year.

A MOTORLESS AUTOGYRO IN AUSTRALIA: Pulled by a car, John Emmerson flies through the air in an autogyro, which he made out of aluminium and wood. He was giving a demonstration in a suburban park at Concord, near Sydney. Mr. Emmerson claimed that the craft was capable of 25 m.p.h. and that it would be possible to climb to 1,000 ft. if the rope were long enough. He hopes to make a two-seater version powered by a petrol engine, which would be capable of flying at 60 m.p.h. Built of aluminium alloy tubes and Queensland pine, the present autogyro is said to be almost foolproof. If the tow rope breaks, the machine floats to the ground supported by the turning rotor blades. Several have been sold in Queensland, and there are plans for the construction of a version to be equipped with water skis, so that it could be towed behind a speedboat of the kind used by water ski clubs.

More Central Heating this Winter

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

AFTER a summer and a September like this year's, nobody in the fuel trade is guessing any too confidently about just how much fuel British householders will need to keep them warm this winter. A difference of 1 degree in average temperature throughout the winter, after all, will alter total fuel consumption in the country by nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal or its equivalent in other fuels. Good weather or not, however (what was it we used to say about the effects of nuclear tests ?), heating those homes will take a very large amount of fuel, of high grades and at premium prices; it is a very big business, and over the last two or three years it has been becoming an increasingly more competitive business.

Last winter, at any rate, domestic consumers bought about 25,000,000 tons of coal, 2,000,000 tons of coke, some 15,000,000,000 units of electricity, 800,000,000 therms of gas, and perhaps 400,000,000 gallons of paraffin and fuel oils. Perhaps a third of the electricity would have been used for lighting, sundry appliances and cooking; probably 65 per cent. of the gas was for cooking. The rest, and all the other fuels, went for water-heating and for keeping British houses what we consider warm.

No year is ever quite normal: the winter of 1958-59, for example, was about half a degree warmer than the 1921-50 average. It was also special, or perhaps specially normal, for one reason: it was the first winter since the war in which consumers were free to buy as much coal as they wanted. For years the coal trade had predicted that when coal allocation ceased domestic consumers would buy about 5,000,000 tons more coal a year than they had been doing under rationing. More recently this guess had been revised; the last expert bet was about 2,000,000 tons more. In fact, in the year since allocation ended, the domestic consumer seems to have bought about 1,000,000 tons less.

What the British householder considers warm—and to how much trouble he is prepared to go to bring about that condition—seems to have changed fairly radically since pre-war days. For the first post-war decade, this was a matter of necessity, not choice; coal and coke were rationed, and other fuels weren't, so any extra spending on warmth had to go into electric and gas fires, and more recently into paraffin heaters. Over the years, however, as the coal industry struggled laboriously towards its sudden somersault into surplus, other factors than necessity began to affect the pattern of heating that people preferred. In solid fuels, the open coal fire became at last rather less fashionable; improved and more efficient kinds of grate and stove began to tip the balance towards coke and anthracite. People who had bought other kinds of heating appliance in the first place because they couldn't get any more coal began to notice that it was possible to be warm and cleaner at the same time. These other kinds of heater were very often portable: the warm bedroom, a notion that would have shocked some of our ancestors, began that mental progression from luxury to convenience to necessity by which our minds accept rising standards of living.

CENTRAL HEATING AT AYLESBURY: In £1,350 houses built in the town, gas-fired heating units have been installed. A Sugg "Halcyon" warm-air unit is placed in a cupboard in the kitchen, providing warm air for the kitchen, living-room and upstairs rooms.

It is difficult for any Englishman to say that our homes nowadays are really warm by any absolute standard (an American or Continental guest's reactions in midwinter are apt to puncture one's pride). But people's spending on fuel has steadily been rising over recent years; it is to-day, per head of population, perhaps 55 per cent. higher than in 1948. In the last few years a small but steadily rising element in that spending has represented what may seem to the Englishman the ultimate outlay on warmth, conventional as it may be abroad: central heating.

Probably no more than 2 per cent. of Britain's homes to-day possess central heating. But a growing proportion of the new ones being built contain some degree of it, particularly those built for private owners; and to-day, of the 270,000 houses being built each year, rather more than half are private houses. For the distributors of the competing fuels, central heating is the kind of new business that it is worth making real efforts to sell. Not only does it usually mean higher standards of warmth, and therefore somewhat larger fuel consumption for the home as a whole; it also commits the householder firmly to one kind of heating, since he will have gone to quite substantial expense in making his house to use that form, and is not likely to embark on a similar expense again unless something very drastic makes him change his mind. To a very large extent, a centrally-heated house has built its future choice of fuel into the structure.

Traditionally, central heating in Britain used to be based on coke and boiler fuels. To-day, in the promotion of central heating for a much wider range of homes than the larger mansions and town houses that could afford it thirty years ago, the "fuels of convenience" are making the running, the ones that the householder, or his vanished domestic servant, does not have to handle. The biggest efforts, probably, are being made by two of them—oil and gas—which latter industry is no longer content to leave central heating to its traditional by-product, coke.

OIL-FIRED DOMESTIC APPLIANCES: *On left* and *right* are two of the many types of oil-fired burners which are available for central heating and for providing hot water in the home. Oil fuel is stored in separate containers.

This is a matter of energy in selling efforts, not necessarily of comparative energy costs. In costs comparisons it is not easy to disentangle the facts from the promotion: salesmen naturally quote the best figures for their own fuel and do not go out of their way to sell other people's. According to these "best claims," one can be told that coke at, say, £9 a ton burned at 65-70 per cent. efficiency in a modern boiler costs about 11d. a "useful therm"; electricity at a penny a unit used at 100 per cent. efficiency in underfloor heating costs 2s. 4d. a "useful therm"; oil at, say, 1s. 3d. a gallon burned at 75 per cent. efficiency costs, say, 1s. 3¼d. a "useful therm"; and gas at 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. a therm at 80 per cent. efficiency costs about 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. a "useful therm." Coke involves more work, even with a magazine boiler; the electricity and gas prices quoted are "follow-on" charges after a standing charge, and both represent special off-peak tariffs for central heating; similarly, the oil price is that in inner zones for 500-gallon lots (which necessitates a storage tank to take 750 gallons). What use one makes of these "useful therms," again, depends considerably upon how well one's central-heating system is designed to suit the house; and the initial costs of putting in the installation vary considerably.

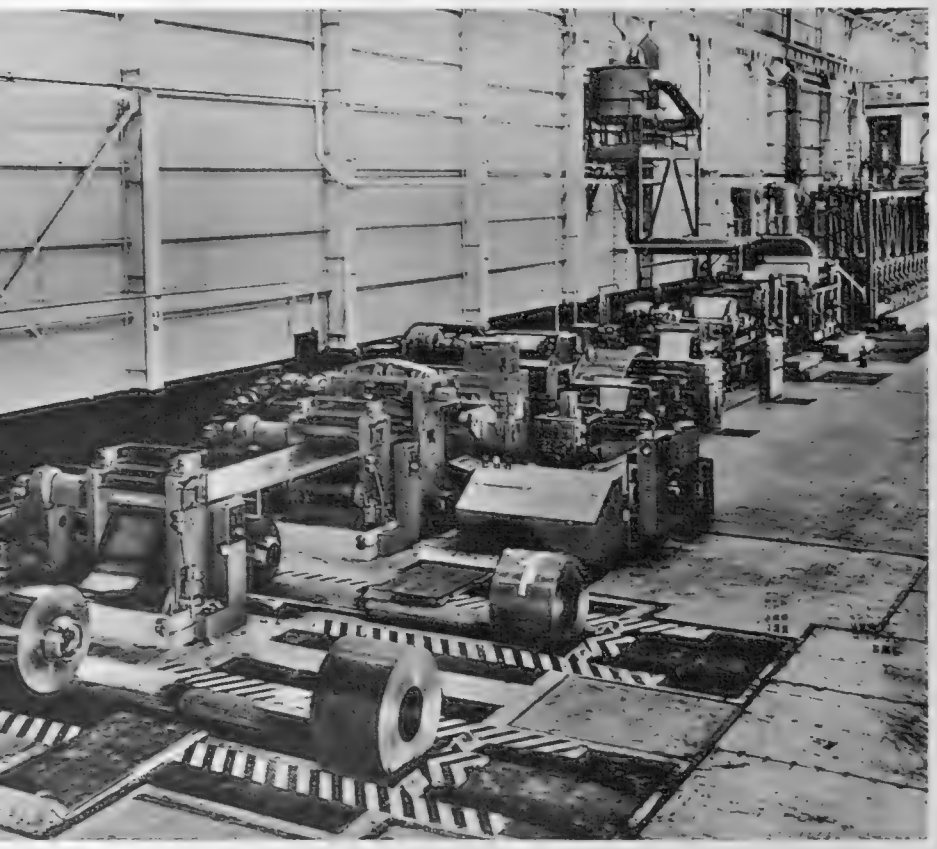
All the fuel industries have been developing their forms of central heating technically—and commercially. The solid-fuel industries, conscious of their disadvantage of labour and dirt in handling, which weighs against coke's edge in running costs, have developed a new form of "small-pipe" heating with forced circulation, which is more efficient than the normal gravity circulation through large pipes, and in particular is a great deal easier and cheaper to put into existing houses as well as new ones. The electricity supply industry, in under-floor heating, has one of the cheapest systems to install in a new house (it is hardly on for existing buildings), and is offering special "off-peak" night-heating tariffs to reduce its ordinarily high running costs.

Oil companies have promoted research into efficient boiler systems to use a variety of oil fuels; commercially, they encourage long hire purchase on appliances and steady deliveries that also can be paid for on instalment terms spread over the year. The gas industry begins with the advantage that it needs no storage capacity, unlike the tanks or bunkers of oil or solid fuel; so its initial costs can be relatively low. Of late it has been developing an alternative to the elaborate piping systems of ordinary central heating: the "warmed air" system.

In this kind of central heating, air is warmed by a self-contained gas-fired heating unit, and then impelled by a built-in fan to various parts of the house through simple ducts. This warm air helps to ventilate the rooms; it can be put on and off in different rooms simply by closing the flow to parts of the house where it is not wanted. If the heating unit is built in the centre of the house—say in a cupboard of which the top can be used as an airing space—the ducting can be very short and the installation costs very low. Costs may be as low as £90 per house for the whole system; two three-bedroom houses using this central heating have been built at Aylesbury for £1,350 each.

The same system can be applied to multi-storey flats. Effectively one builds in a vertical duct passing through the building, open at top and bottom, and connects the individual gas convector and selective air heaters into the main circuit. Heating costs over a thirty-two-week heating system may be as low as 10s. to 15s. a week.

This kind of extra efficiency in the utilisation of gas, incidentally, would knit in rather well with the changes this industry now has to make to distribute its gas a good deal more cheaply and efficiently. This secondary fuel, until recently almost wholly dependent on coal, had also been on the defensive, with both electricity and oil moving ahead of it in getting extra domestic heating business. To-day it has hopes of cheaper gas manufacture from oil, liquid methane, and possibly lower-grade coals, and cheaper distribution throughout the country through high-pressure mains. If these become reality, they need to be matched by a volume of sales sufficient to make efficient use of the industry's elaborate and fairly expensive system of local, low-pressure distribution mains. The commercial condition of technical success and low costs in supplying the gas is large volume; that volume, and those low costs, can only be achieved if gas offers a competitive service of general heating, not merely a service of cooking and occasional heating, for the British home.



Above—

FOR TINNING STEEL

Contracts, valued at over £2,000,000, have been awarded to the Head Wrightson Machine Co. Ltd., a subsidiary of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd., for the installation of an electrolytic tinning line and other equipment at the Ebbw Vale works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd. The picture shows plant of a similar type to that which will be built. In the foreground is the entry to the line. Capable of tinning and recoiling 1,500 ft. of steel strip per minute, the new line, it is claimed, will operate at a greater speed and give a larger output than any existing tinning line. It is designed in collaboration with the Aetna Standard Division of the Blaw Knox Company of America, and is expected to be delivered in about eighteen months' time.

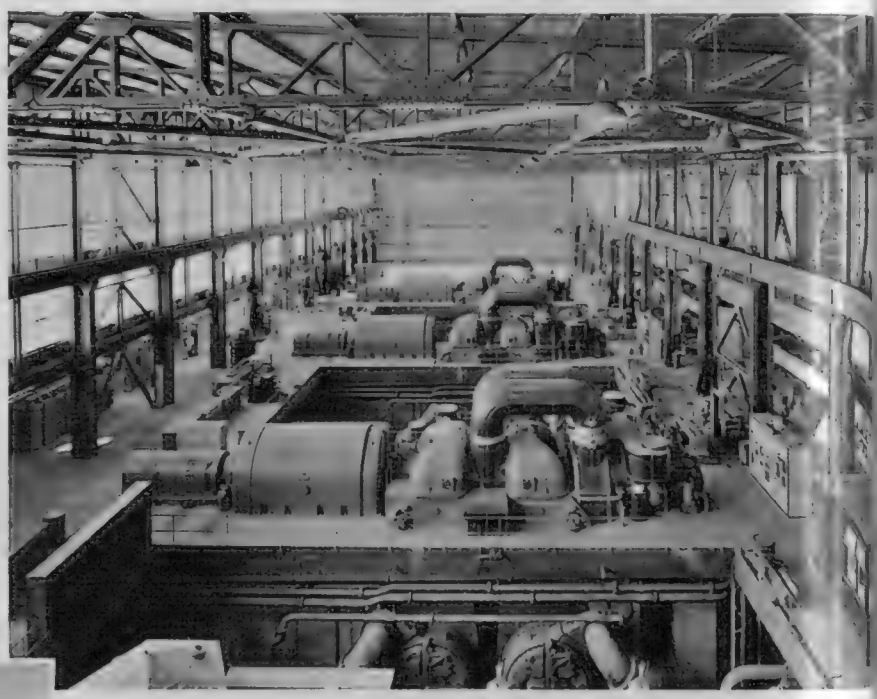
On right—

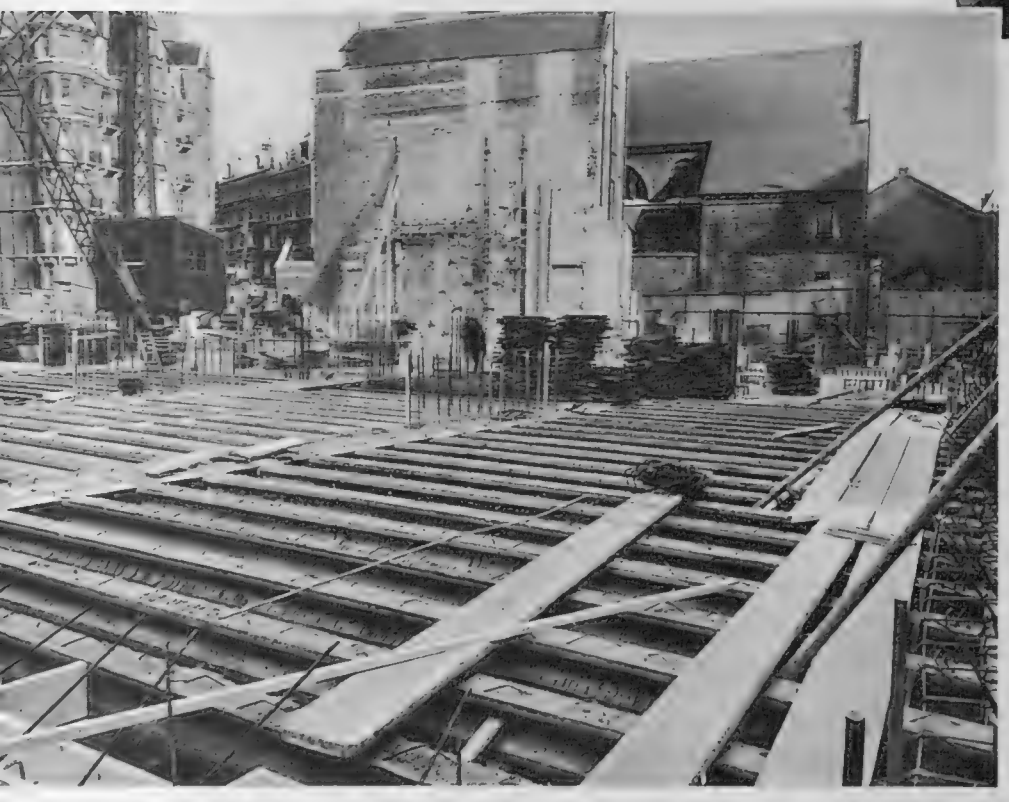
PLANT FOR NEW ZEALAND

Three Metropolitan-Vickers turbine-generator sets are in position at the Meremere Power Station, near Mercer, on North Island, New Zealand. Each has an output of 30 megawatts; together they supply half the total output of the station. The plant was manufactured by the Turbine-Generator Division of Associated Electrical Industries Limited at their Trafford Park works, in Manchester. The Meremere Power Station is the first major coal-burning station in New Zealand. Included in the generating equipment were three condensing plants, with ejectors and extraction pumps, and three four-stage feed-water heating equipments. The coal comes from near-by open-cast coal-mining sites and is carried to the station by overhead cable.

A MAMMOTH TYRE FROM AMERICA

Among the cargo unloaded from the steamer *Alsatia* when she docked in London recently from America were six tyres, said to be the biggest in the world. In the picture one of the tyres is being measured. Manufactured by the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Co. Ltd. at their factory in Akron, Ohio, each has a diameter of 9 ft. 7 ins. and a cross-section of 3 ft. 3 ins. At 55 lb. pressure each of the 30-cwt. tyres can carry a load of over 33 tons. They will be fitted to the wheels of huge earth-moving vehicles.

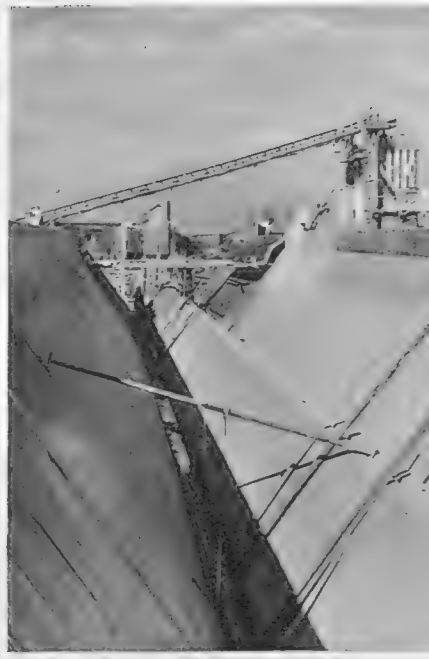




NEW SHALLOW FLOORING IN A LONDON OFFICE BLOCK

The construction of Regina House (*right*), the new office block at the corner of the Edgware Road and Marylebone Road, in London, would not have been possible without the use of a new type of prestressed flooring. The general contractors were McLaughlin and Harvey Ltd. L.C.C. height regulations permitted only a nine-storey building of normal construction, which would have been uneconomical. By using the new shallow type of flooring an additional storey was fitted into the same height. *Above* are the precast joists used in the floor construction. The units were prestressed and are 7 ins. deep. They are supported within the depth of the slabs by reinforced concrete beams, varying from 3 ft. to 4 ft. in width and spanning up to 20 ft. The floor is finished with a 3-in. concrete topping reinforced with mesh and tied to the prestressed units by the projecting wire loops, giving an overall thickness to the floor of only 10 ins. The sub-contractors for floors were Pierhead Ltd.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



A DETRITUS CHANNEL: It is part of the first stage of treatment of the sewerage. In the background is the giant concrete mixer, which supplies concrete for the Southern Outfall Extensions.

THE DISPOSAL OF LONDON'S SEWAGE

After a year-and-a-half, the construction of the large-scale sewerage extensions at the London County Council's Southern Outfall Works in Kent is up to schedule. The work, which will cost nearly £10,000,000, will be completed early in 1963. Designed to deal with an average daily flow of 96,000,000 gallons, the new works will serve the whole of that part of the county to the south of the Thames, which has a population of approximately 1,600,000 people. The extensions of the Northern Outfall Works at Beckton will be opened later this month.

The existing works in Kent include the original tanks, opened in 1865, and later tanks. This equipment and some of the more modern pumping plant will continue in service to deal with storm water. Sewage is delivered to the outfall works by two low-level and one high-level sewers; at this point a new electric sewage pumping station will be installed. Before pumping, the flow will be screened by six low-level and four high-level mechanical screens. In the detritus channels, the detritus will be extracted by dredger pumps to be used in land reclamation. In sequence are the primary sedimentation tanks, where the sludge is collected by travelling scraper, surface aeration units and the final sedimentation tanks. The fully-treated effluent will be discharged through a new outfall into the Thames, and the remaining sludge will be taken out to sea for disposal.

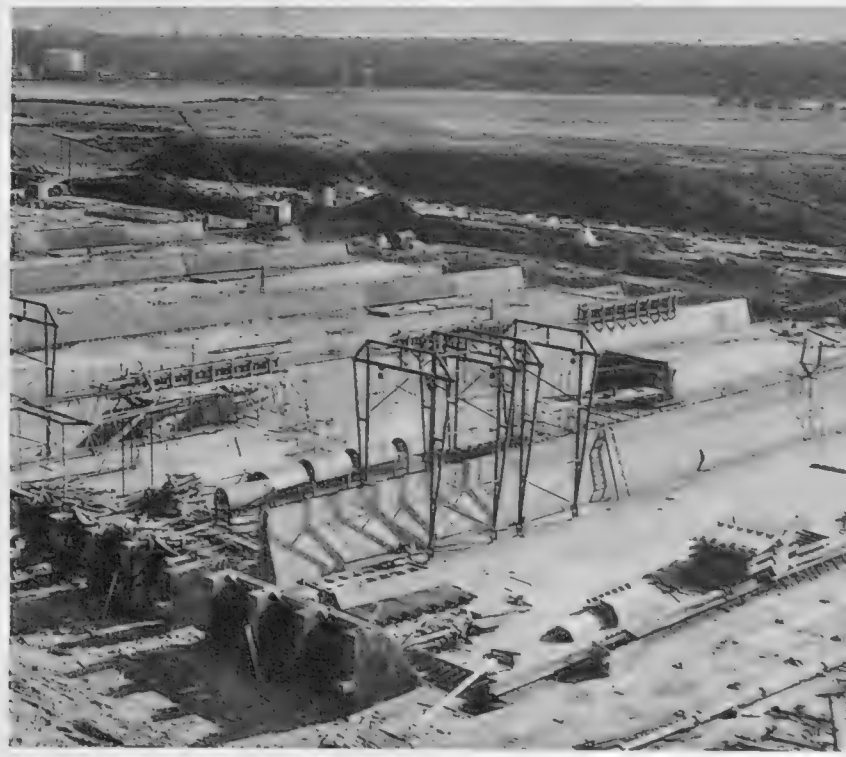
In the sludge digestion plant it is estimated that 1,290,000 cubic feet of gas per day will be produced, which will be utilised for the production of power. English Electric Co. Ltd. will supply generating plant, consisting of ten sets of dual fuel engines and alternators. The engines will run on sludge gas, supplemented by oil when necessary. Heat will be recovered from the circulating water of the engines and from the exhaust gases to heat the sludge in the digestion tanks to produce a continuous supply of sewage gas. Fourteen pumps for transferring the sludge are being supplied by Gynnes Pumps Ltd., and the main contractors are W. and C. French Ltd.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION: At the L.C.C.'s sewerage extension project at the Southern Outfall Works at Crossness, Erith, in Kent, the aeration tanks, forming one of the phases in the treatment of sewerage, look like gigantic egg cartons. Due to be in operation in 1963, the new extension will cost nearly £10,000,000.

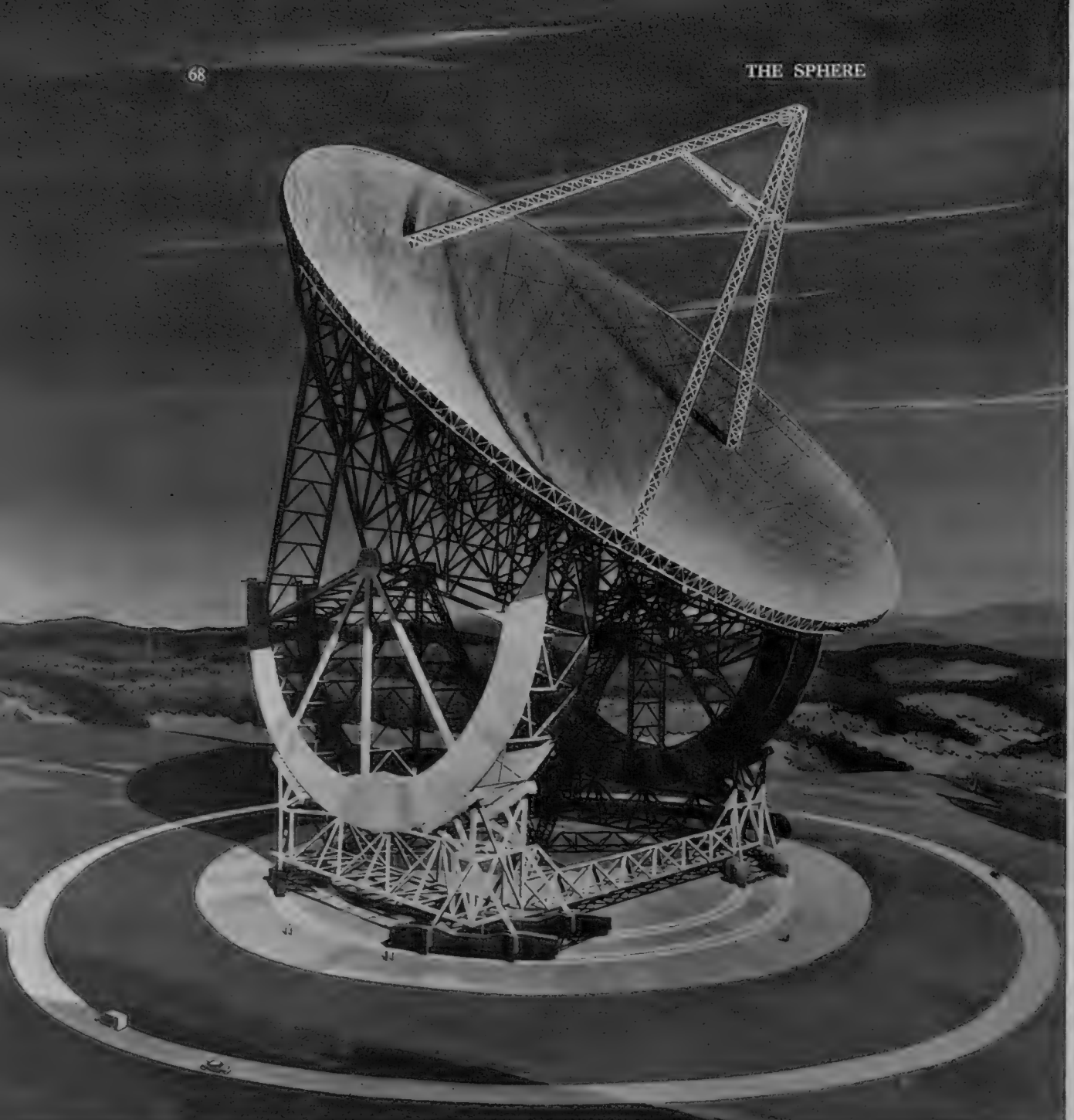
On right—

A PATTERN OF TUBING: Steel reinforcing is arranged before concrete is poured in to make the detritus channel. When the project is complete, dredger pumps will extract the detritus, which is used for the reclamation of low-lying marshland.

A PART OF THE EXTENSION PROJECT: The men are at work on the floor of one of the secondary sludge digestion tanks. These will be 120 ft. in diameter. Some 1,290,000 cubic feet of gas per day will be produced in the digestion process and used in the generating plant.



THE PRIMARY SEDIMENTATION TANKS: There will be sixteen rectangular tanks, arranged for de-sludging by a travelling scraper. The sludge is then aerated and re-aerated and discharged to the final sedimentation tanks.



A HUGE AMERICAN RADIO-TELESCOPE: The artist's impression shows the massive structure, which when it is completed, probably in 1962, will be the largest movable radio-telescope in the world. It is being constructed near Sugar Grove, West Virginia, for the United States Navy, by the American Bridge Division of the United States Steel Corporation. The principal feature is the reflecting dish, which has a diameter of 600 ft. Constructed of aluminium mesh, the dish reflects man-made and celestial radio signals into a receiver mounted on the tripod above. The radio-telescope can be aimed at any point in the sky, by means of the arcs underneath the dish and the circular tracks on the ground on which the 20,000-ton structure can be rotated.

On right—
A WARNING SYSTEM AGAINST MISSILE ATTACK: High above the ground, men are working on the vast steel framework of a giant radar antenna. It is being built by the United States Army Corps of Engineers for the American Air Force somewhere within the Arctic Circle; its exact location is secret. This radar station will form part of the American Ballistic Missile Early-Warning System—a chain of high-power stations in Alaska and Greenland. They are designed to detect a missile launched 3,000 miles away, giving the United States Defence Department a minimum warning of 15 minutes.

IN THE WEST VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS: The foundations for the U.S. Navy radio-telescope are being laid near Sugar Grove. To make the base for the 20,000-ton structure 10,000 yards of reinforced concrete will be used. In the right background is a 60-ft. radio-telescope used to track down electrical noise which would interfere with the new telescope's working.

SCANNING THE HEAVENS

The United States Begins Construction of the World's Largest Radio-Telescope: An American Radar Station in the Arctic

Britain's contribution to space research has been largely connected with the information provided by the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire. This apparatus is at present the largest of its kind in the world, but work now proceeding in the United States will, within the next three years or so, put paid to this claim. Near Sugar Grove, in West Virginia, the United States Navy is having built a similar instrument, but on a much larger scale.

Compared with the 250-ft. diameter of the British instrument's reflector dish, the American one will have, when it is completed, probably in 1962, a diameter of 600 ft. The final bill for Jodrell Bank's radio-telescope was about £800,000, whereas the U.S. Navy's will cost about £28,000,000. . The weight of the British telescope, mainly constructed of steel, is about 2,000 tons; the American one, primarily made of aluminium, will weigh approximately ten times as much.

The Sugar Grove radio-telescope, theoretically, should be able to pick up radio signals emitted 38,000,000,000 light-years away in space. Outside electrical interference would seriously impair the working of the apparatus; so a 60-ft. radio-telescope has been erected nearby. The U.S. Navy is using this to track down all electrical interference in the area; before the station opens, the sources of interference as far as possible will be eradicated. Within two miles of the 1,500-acre site no man-made electrical interference will be allowed.

The other pictures on these pages show work in progress on a radar station in the Arctic. It is one of several built or being built to form the United States Ballistic Missile Early-Warning System, which is the first link in America's chain of defence against hostile guided missiles. The radar stations have immense power and discrimination, being great improvements on stations which have long been used in Turkey and Iran to watch Russian missile activity. Data from these Arctic installations will be fed into tracking radar apparatus, capable of fixing the trajectory of the missile so that a counter-missile can be fired to intercept it.

On left—

MASSIVE SUPPORTS: At the U.S. Air Force radar station in the Arctic, the giant stays dwarf the workmen standing beside them. The antennæ must be able to withstand winds of 185 m.p.h., twice normal hurricane velocity.

The World of Books

ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES

Her Majesty's Connections with the Turf; Living in the Provinces; the History of a Tug; an Unconventional Honeymoon; Biography and this Week's Fiction

THERE was a time in this country when it seemed that football (and, of course, the pools) would replace racing as our favourite sport, and, indeed, its followers, both money-minded or purely enthusiastic, can still be counted in millions. But racing, with the accession of the Queen, has come back into its own as seldom before, and the Queen's very real knowledge and interest have given it an impetus and a popularity which it has scarcely known since Minoru won the Derby for Edward VII. Our Queen has still to win that greatest classic race of them all, but in the meantime she has what are called some very useful horses in training and has already known racing victories which have twice put her at the head of winning owners. THE QUEEN AND THE TURF (Stanley Paul. 21s.) is Mrs. Helen Cathcart's entertaining and technically assured book on this aspect of the young Royal career, and I must say that I read it with all the more delight because it showed so clearly the Queen's own enjoyment of a splendid and traditional sport.

PROVINCIAL PLEASURES (Robert Hale. 21s.), by Mr. Norman Nicholson, takes a spirited line of its own, and that in itself gives it a freshness which will be greatly appreciated by any reader sated with volumes of country eulogies or prose odes to the romance of cities. Mr. Nicholson simply and firmly takes the view that there is a lot to be said for living in what are patronisingly known as the provinces. For peace, comfort and friendliness on one hand and for drama on the other, the provinces take a lot of beating, he opines, and in this rambling but not in the least confused book, he gives some examples to prove his thesis. Agreeable stuff and, in a mild way, an eye-opener.

Mr. Farley Mowat has written the biography of a little ship in THE GREY SEAS UNDER (Michael Joseph. 18s.); a ship which, in 1930, was lying almost derelict in Hamburg Harbour, a twelve-year-old, ocean-going salvage tug which had been built in Scotland and whose destiny was to be bought by a Canadian company for work off the Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts. From that time till the last epic voyage in 1948, in peace-time and wartime, the staunch little tug saved literally hundreds of ships and thousands of lives in the worst seas and some of the worst weather on the whole globe. She has gone now, but her ship's bell still hangs near her berth in Halifax Harbour and summons her successors to sea when a big ship is in danger. Mr. Mowat has written with genuine feeling and excitement about this ship in particular, and this breed of ships and men in general, and his admiration for them communicates itself very readily.

Mr. William K. Zinsser has written about ships, planes, cars and other modes of mechanical progression, but in a more frivolous mood, since the events he describes in ANY OLD PLACE WITH YOU (Hammond. 15s.) happen on an unconventional honeymoon spent on a small but highly-eccentric liner, and subsequently in a uniformly unattractive sequence of vehicles as the young couple visited Portugal, Africa, Egypt and, briefly, Greece. They seem to have been undiscouraged, however, since they later returned to their travelling and had a try at South-East Asia where, I am happy to report, they loved Hong Kong. Mr. Zinsser writes most amusingly in a crisp, American idiom and has a wide-open eye for the ironic contrast and the revealing detail.

I suppose that Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is as well qualified as anyone in these islands to make a study of the Comic Mask, and this is what he has done with his masterly biography of MOLIERE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). In the reign of Louis XIV not only the life of the court and the nobility revolved round Versailles, but the existence—if it were to be a successful one—of generals, politicians, artists and writers. Molière, with his plays and his own theatrical stock company, therefore depended on the approval and favour of Louis if he and his actors were to survive. By his superb skill as a playwright and by a comparable ability to walk a courtier's tightrope, Molière managed this for many years until he was displaced by the gifted but dangerous Lully. Mr. Wyndham Lewis has brilliantly related the plays of Molière to the facts of Molière's life, and his biography is as witty, as informed and as wise as such a subject deserves. It is probably unnecessary to add that the book includes some hilarious anecdotes, one of the best of which concerns the late, great Mistinguett.

THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER (Jarrolds. 18s.) has a certain shock value as a title, but it is, in fact, a sober and painstaking attempt to solve the mystery by a consideration of such facts as are known. Mr. Donald McCormick's approach to the dreadful series of East End murders in the '80's and to the solution of the crimes, is deliberate, analytical and only occasionally touched with the sensationalism which, in such a discussion, is almost inevitable. Most of the victims of the maniacal murderer were women of easy virtue and most of their bodies were found hideously mutilated. It was a case which not only alarmed London and the whole of the country, but Queen Victoria herself, who, by no means as withdrawn from public affairs as some of her people had supposed, wrote a terse letter to the Home Secretary suggesting four possible lines of inquiry. The case has, officially, never been solved, but there have been police investigators who have said that they knew who the murderer was and the author of this work claims that he was a Russian surgeon who worked in the Whitechapel district. Speculation, deduction, information or inspired guessing? Whichever it is, the more morbid of amateur criminologists will find something to suit them here.

The tally of novels this week begins with Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's THE HUMBLER CREATION

"COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY": In a scene from Sean O'Casey's play at the Royal Court Theatre, in London, Loreleen (played by Joan O'Hara) looks at Sailor Mahan (Wilfrid Lawson) as she is upbraided by Father Domineer (Patrick Magee). The boisterous, symbolic satire was written more than ten years ago. Produced by George Devine, the play was well received both at the Edinburgh Festival and when it started in London last month.

(Macmillan. 16s.), which has both an original theme—the temptations of an Anglican clergyman—and such acute perception that, on the occasions when it fails, the reader experiences a kind of shock. For it does fail sometimes and for a not unusual reason, that the author has so cool a regard for her own characters. Their emotions and impulses may be dissected, and are, with glittering accuracy. They are created or inspired, and they are understood, but except in the passages which concern the two young boys in her plot there is little tenderness, and this is a quality which many readers, even if unconsciously, need to find in a tragedy such as this story. Miss Hansford Johnson has written about a martyrdom, none the less real for being endured behind polite observances and conventional manners. Her clergyman suffers and will suffer into his old age. The reader recognises this and may pity him, but it is doubtful whether there will be any affection in that pity.

Mr. Ian Rodger is an English writer who knows his Scandinavia and who believes that Swedish people have problems to face—problems born of climate and environment—of which we in this country know little or nothing. THE SUN IS DEAD (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.) is a melancholy but haunting story of a group of people, known locally and disparagingly as intellectuals, who live in a small town in the Swedish Arctic where the winter is, quite literally, dark and seemingly endless. Seven of them decide to spend a week-end at a remote and snowbound cabin to eat, drink and talk themselves into some semblance of freedom. The result is violence, tragedy and, possibly but not certainly, a saner outlook for the survivors. The flavour of Nordic gloom, both and mood, comes authentically from Mr. Rod and story, and I, for one, feel that I shall re for a long time.

The gaiety and inconsequence of Mr. John LOVE ON A BRANCH LINE (Hutchinson. scarcely be more of a contrast, and althoug whether it has any social significance at all, it i enjoyable fantasy in a light-hearted sort of way. it up, a young civil servant who is in danger of a bore and could charitably be described as rathe assigned by his ministry to investigate an esta Norfolk-Suffolk border, taken over some seven ago as a divisional establishment and since the forgotten. What the extremely civil young servan when he begins his researches is a dotty but form of Arcady, complete with an Emmett-lik jazz-mad old earl, his gardening wife, their thre daughters and assorted eccentrics. All quite go a slightly over-civilised way.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DI RUNNER (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) is a collectio short stories by Mr. Alan Sillitoe, the best and them echoing the mastery of his first novel, *Satur and Sunday Morning*, and each of them refle authentic working-class world of a town such a ham. There is pathos here and humour, but n either of these, the flatly compelling accent experience and memory. None of these characte taken bodily, as it were, from real life, but the for all that and far more alive and convincing photographic record.

PUEBLO (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16 story of a Red Indian of eighteen, living in N and in revolt against the life which he and Indians are forced to live in the present-d States. As he puts it: "Everyone's very k We're protected and maintained and people s us. And we are not despised. And in theory forbidden us. But it stops there. And we obliged to stop there." M. Michel-Droit w a splendid controlled passion, and his nove admirably translated by Mr. Edward Hyams

The next two books are adventure stor them with an unfamiliar and the other with a extraordinary setting. Mr. John Brick's MOUNTAIN (Collins. 15s.) is about a rem Upper New York State just after the Civil deals with a small community of farming pe their hard but fairly tranquil lives, when two to the place from different directions and fro motives. Love, greed, robbery, murder hunt are the consequences of their arriv mainsprings of a story told racily and re

A TWIST OF SAND (Collins. 15s Geoffrey Jenkins, is in another class; indee best adventure story I have read for months a to be recommended. The scene is the savag ous coast of South-West Africa, largely unc avoided by seamen. Nevertheless, to this a Skeleton Coast comes an Englishman for dangerous shores and the shallow, stormy had been a challenge in the war, when he h Commander in the Royal Navy, and rem when he returns, discredited but tough a peace-time. His earlier hunt for a German and his present-day, even more fantasti are told in terms of almost painful susp excitement. I found this book very nearly to and, in the exact sense of the word, memorable.

And so to three crime stories, all of them which is a pretty good average for one week THE LISTENING WALLS (Gollancz. 12 literate, fascinating and genuinely enigmatic. ground is Mexico City and California, and the a properly sinister blend of the outwardly poli secretly violent. This is Margaret Millar at best, and what could be higher praise for a no than that? HEART TO HEART (Hamish 13s. 6d.), by the brilliant team of Boileau-N probably being filmed even as I write these their work is regarded as ideal screen materi experts as G.-H. Clouzot and Alfred Hitchco new book, translated by Daphne Woodward, from the banal as their others, though it lacks like, last-line kick of two of its predecessors. concerned with a popular song-writer, his lov faithful wife, and the young lover who kills th and is afterwards haunted in a very real an sense by his music. Splendid, creepy stuff, practical rather than ghostly. It is difficult that THE BLACK UNICORN (Gollancz. a first thriller, but such is the case. Miss Jo mond is a born, not to say a Heaven-sent, story she writes about South Africa with an aware beauties and dilemmas that would satisfy a without the dramatic family mystery which is *raison d'être*. Add this title to your list, too.

THE CHANNEL IN HISTORY

Survey of England's Bulwark Over 8,000 Years

A recent pronouncement from Field-Marshal Montgomery let it be known in blunt soldierly terms that he was not agreeing to any ideas for a Channel tunnel, which he conceived as a threat to national security. It probably does not matter very much whether the Field-Marshal was right or wrong, but in saying what he did he showed an attitude of mind that stems from the historic role the English Channel has played in the defence of the nation. Dr. James Williamson presents this theme with the skill one would expect from a distinguished maritime historian in his new book, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL (Collins. 25s.). He highlights the events of 1804 when Napoleon so nearly staked his fortunes to the hazard from his camp at Boulogne, eventually turning eastwards across Europe to the triumphs of Ulm and Austerlitz; and the events of 1940, when both sea and air power combined to deter Hitler from the territorial conquest so vital to his ambitions, sending him eastwards also, against the Russians.

Dr. Williamson ranges widely in this survey of the Channel shore, devoting attention to shipping and coastal trading, smuggling and piracy, havens and lighthouses. There is a delightful chapter on the coast resorts, showing the nineteenth-century invasion of the fishing towns and the ports by the rich and the well-to-do, who saw in the "balsamic effluvia" of the Bournemouth pine-woods reason for lasting residence. Others looked with favour on the iron in the water of the wealden coast (good for rheumatism and anæmia), and yet others saw in the chalky water of the Kent coast salvation for softened children threatened with bandy legs. Dr. Williamson has added greatly to the value of his work by selecting for reproduction a fine series of photographs and old prints.

That volatile modern Dick Whittington, Robert Briscoe, the first Jew ever to serve as Lord Mayor of Dublin, has written his memoirs with just the brand of audacity one would expect. FOR THE LIFE OF ME (Longmans. 21s.) describes the adventures of this one-time Irish rebel from his first days as a courier with the Irish Republican Army. Later, as "Captain Swift," he engaged in gun-running between Germany and Ireland, before it was a long time before he was ready to settle down into the pattern of the new Irish State. The author is a rare character and his combination of Irish tenacity and Jewish humour shines through these exciting and entertaining pages.

The formidable size of London deters most authors who seek to present the many faces of the great city, and they are often unwilling to venture into Cable Street, Stepney, the World's End of Chelsea, the hinterland of Canonbury, or old Sydenham Village. Jacques Brussard has been more adventurous, and his new illustrated book LONDON (Nicholas Kaye. 35s.), an addition to the Beaux Pays series, ranges far and wide and most delightfully. Perhaps the greatest pleasure in the outstanding series of photographs accompanying the text is to be found in some of the long vistas, not least the view of Greenwich from the river, the towers of Whitehall across St. James's Park, and the broad stateliness of the Thames beyond the Pool of London.

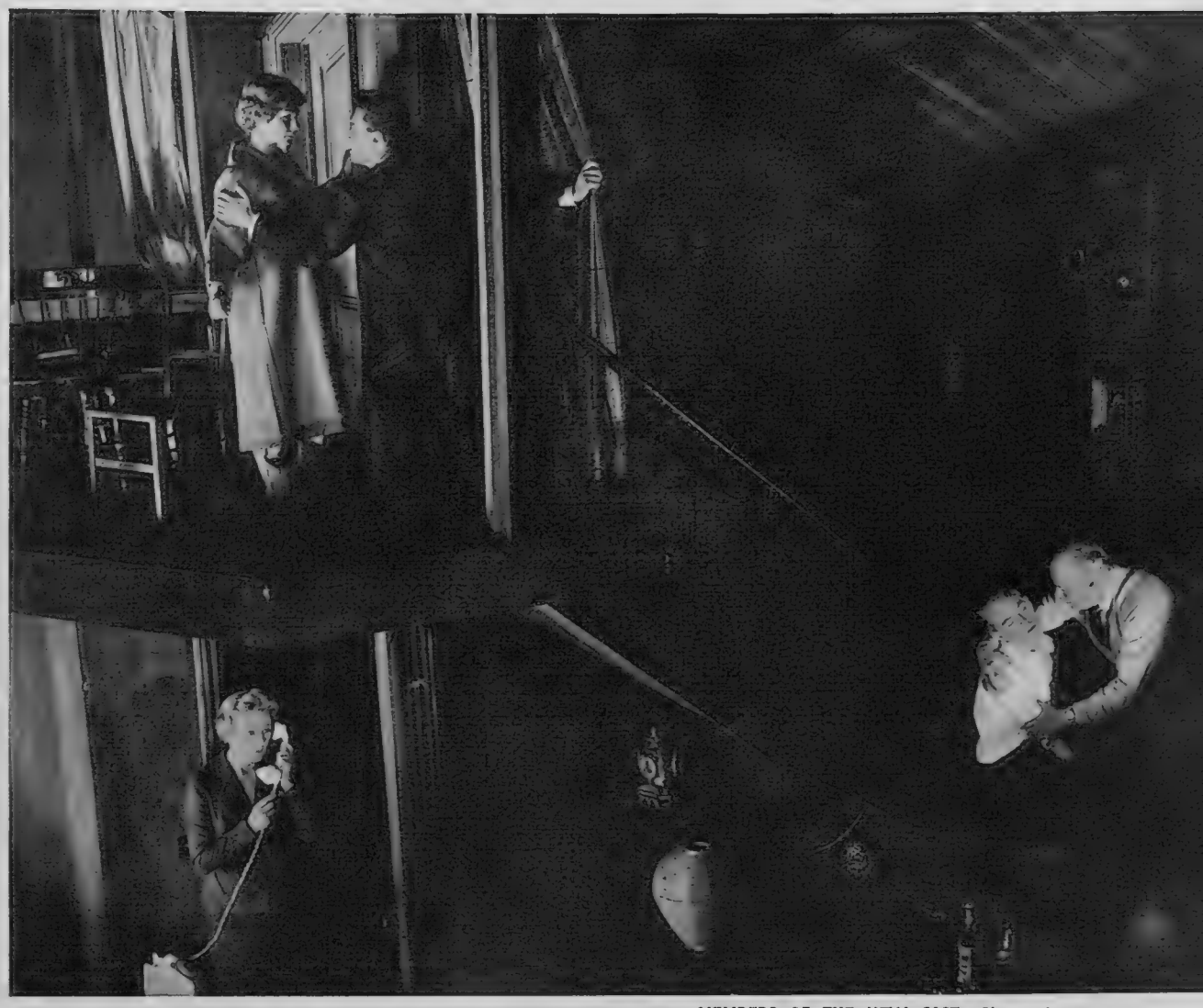
In 1846 the French Government, wishing to publicise France's newest colony, invited Alexandre Dumas to visit Algeria and write his impressions *en voyage*, even agreeing to Dumas' suggestion that a warship be placed at his disposal to get him there and back. Dumas' travelogue is to-day a classic; and the first translation into English, by A. E. Murch, is sure of a welcome. FROM ALGIER TO TUNIS (Peter Owen. 18s.) is a vivid book which is full of sensitive observation and human understanding.

Many will recall with pleasure Margery Allingham's book, THE OAKEN HEART, the story of an Essex village in 1940. A new edition is long overdue, and reading it eighteen years after the heat and turmoil, one is able to understand a great deal of the true spirit that lay behind Britain at war. The new edition is published by Hutchinson's at 18s.

Hayman Chaffey and his family have an astonishing family travel record. They have made the hazardous journey from Mexico to Brazil through every country in Central and South America, using any form of transport available. THE ROAD GREW NO MOSS (Odder and Stoughton. 21s.) is frankly a tale of hardship and discomfort, but to the Chaffeys it all seemed worth while, and it is their salvation perhaps that each and every one in this family is adaptable and takes the greatest pleasure in knowing other people.

For the student of civil aviation, A. J. Jackson's BRITISH CIVIL AIRCRAFT, 1919-59, Vol. I (Putnam.), is an outstanding volume, packed with detail. This is the first of two volumes forming a complete reference book on all aircraft ever used for civil purposes under British ownership. Over 500 photographs accompany the text.

R. C. E.



A MOMENT OF DISTRESS: Walter, the German tutor (Gareth Davies), asks Pamela (Linda Gardner), dressed in her riding clothes, whether she has hurt herself in falling over. Stooping behind her is Mrs. Harrington (Eileen Peel). Pamela vehemently says that she is all right.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW CAST: Since the original production of *Five Finger Exercise* was booked to appear in New York, the play by Peter Shaffer is being performed by a new cast in the continuation of the run at the Comedy Theatre in London. In a tense moment from the second act, Louise Harrington (Eileen Peel) telephones for a doctor, while above her on the second floor, her son Clive (Barry Warren) looks searchingly at her young daughter, Pamela (Linda Gardner). On the right Mr. Harrington (Clive Morton) supports the German tutor, Walter (Gareth Davies). The original multiple setting of a middle-class home is still being used in the new production by Peter Wood. The London critics were nearly unanimous in agreeing that the new cast, although interpreting the play in a fresh manner, were as good as the original one. *Five Finger Exercise* remains a tense and percipient study of the relationships between parents and children growing up.

A NEW CAST FOR "FIVE FINGER EXERCISE"

A STUDY OF FAMILY LIFE: *Left*—Louise Harrington tells her husband Stanley that it would be better to dismiss the German tutor whom they engaged. *Right*—Pamela, as the young, precocious daughter, displays her pyjamas to Walter, the tutor, who idealises the Harrington family as being typically English in its easy-going friendliness.

CHAMBERS OF TAPESTRIES

Rearrangement at London's V and A Museum

In medieval inventories the term "chambers of tapestries" frequently occurs. The expression can be aptly applied to the Tapestry Gallery of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in Kensington, London, which was opened to the public in its rearranged form last week. The use of modern techniques in the design of the rooms enables the hand-woven treasures of the Middle Ages to be seen at their best.

The Gallery is the first in the Museum to be fitted with a clean-air ventilating system. This conditions the air as regards cleanliness and humidity, so that the tapestries can be shown on the walls without any protection of framing or glass. In order to install the system a solid roof had to be built in the place of the old glass one. The advantage from this is that the rooms are lit entirely by a combination of fluorescent and tungsten lighting and there is no daylight. The light intensity to which the tapestries are exposed can be fully controlled. Conservation is helped because tapestries are subject to fading from excessive lighting.

The two major collections of exhibits are the four fifteenth-century Hunting Tapestries, formerly in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and what are known as the "Triumph" tapestries, illustrating themes from Petrarch's poem "I Trionfi." In 1947 the late Duke of Devonshire sent the four Chatsworth tapestries to Paris for cleaning and restoration. Work had been completed on only one of them—"The Roe Deer Hunt"—when the Duke died. In order to help in the settlement of death duties, all four tapestries were acquired by the nation in 1957 and given to the Victoria and Albert Museum. "The Boar and the Bear Hunt" has now been restored at Haarlem, in the Netherlands, and can be seen in all its pristine glory. "The Falconry" is at present being restored at Haarlem. The fourth, "The Otter Hunt," is to be similarly treated in due course.

The "Triumphs" were woven in Brussels between 1500 and 1507. The earliest tapestry in the Gallery —"The Story of Troy"—was made in 1472 in Tournai.

Below—

"THE ROE DEER HUNT": It was restored in Paris before the tenth Duke of Devonshire died in 1950. The Chatsworth Hunting Tapestries passed to the nation in part settlement of death duties on the estate.

THE SPLENDOUR OF MEDIEVAL TAPESTRIES: On the walls of a room in the rearranged Tapestry Gallery in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, "The Story of Troy," made by Pasquier Grenier in 1472, is on the left. On the right is "The Triumph of Chastity Over Love," woven in Brussels in 1507-10. The carpet, dated 1516, was worked by nuns at Heiningen, north of the Harz Mountains

ON VIEW IN THE MUSEUM FOR THE FIRST TIME: "The Boar and the Bear Hunt" is one of the four large fifteenth-century Hunting Tapestries acquired by the nation in 1957 from Chatsworth. It has been cleaned and restored at Haarlem, in the Netherlands. The important technical features of the rearranged Gallery are the lighting and the ventilation. A combination of fluorescent and tungsten lighting is being used. The clean-air ventilating system allows tapestries to be exposed without protection

On left—

"SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS": This is an example of the smaller tapestries in the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was probably made at Tournai at the beginning of the sixteenth century

A FORMER STRONGHOLD OF THE ORDER OF CHIVALRY: The ruins of Kolossi Castle are near Limassol, in Cyprus. Last month the Order of St. John of Jerusalem held an investiture here. It was the first occasion such a ceremony had been held here since the beginning of the fourteenth century. The Knights spent twenty years in Cyprus after they had been driven from the Holy Land in 1290. In 1310 they moved to Rhodes. Kolossi Castle almost certainly has associations with Richard I, who married Queen Berengaria in Limassol in 1191.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN RETURN TO CYPRUS

An Investiture Ceremony at an Ancient Castle

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem is an Order of Chivalry which probably originated in the latter years of the eleventh century. At a hospital dedicated to the Saint in the Holy City an order of Hospitallers was founded. Members took vows of chastity and poverty and were obliged to help and defend pilgrims to the Holy Places. The Knights of St. John, as they soon became known, spread to many countries in Europe, being organised in groups or *langues*. Their headquarters remained in Jerusalem until 1290, when they were driven out by the victorious Saracens. The Order moved to Cyprus. They stayed there only twenty years before transferring to Rhodes. Two hundred years later they made another move, to Malta, which was given to them by the Emperor Charles V.

It is with the brief history of the Knights in Cyprus that the pictures on this page are concerned. Last month, for the first time for nearly 700 years, the British Order of St. John of Jerusalem held an investiture in the ruins of Kolossi Castle, near Limassol, which was their headquarters during the time the knights were on the island. The Lord Prior, Lord Wakehurst, presided, and with him were several senior officers of the Order, including Sir Harry Luke, the Registrar, Mr. C. T. Evans, the Secretary-General, and Major-General J. M. Kirkman, the Commissioner-in-Chief. Among those who attended the ceremony was Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus.

The massive keep of Kolossi Castle provided the background to the ceremony and was a reminder of other ancient English associations with the island of Cyprus. At Limassol Richard I married his Queen Berengaria, and there can be little doubt that he must have visited the castle.

On left— **THE LORD PRIOR:** Preceded by the Sword Bearer, Lord Wakehurst walks in procession to the investiture. Behind him are Sir Harry Luke, Registrar, and Mr. C. T. Evans, the Secretary-General.

CEREMONIAL INVESTITURE: In this general view of the ceremony, the Lord Prior and other officers are in the left foreground. Beyond them Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus, is seated in the centre of the front row. *On left*—**The Lord Prior's procession comes out from the castle keep.**

ROCKBOUND SARK

The Smallest of the Channel Islands

THE SMALLEST OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: A horse and cart pass from the dark of a tunnel into the bright sunlight. This mode of transport is popular in Sark, where no motorised vehicles are allowed. The tunnel is one of several carved to give access to the interior of the small island. *Right*—A cargo ship from Guernsey, twelve miles away, passes below the Sark lighthouse, set high on the rocky cliffs. The seas round the tiny island are studded with rocks which are dangerous to shipping.

The Channel Islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, with a number of islets and rocks—are the oldest dependencies of the British Crown. They adhered to England when the rest of the Norman possessions were lost in 1204. Geographically they belong to France. They lie in the bay of St. Malo, between 10 and 30 miles from the French coast. The most northerly of them, Alderney, is fully 50 miles from England.

The smallest of the four main islands, Sark, is 3½ miles long, 1½ miles wide and 2 sq. miles in area. It lies about 7 miles east of Guernsey, and 12 miles north of Jersey. The tiny island is almost surrounded by rocks, through which, on the east side, a narrow channel gives access to Creux Harbour. The island is in two portions, Great Sark and Little Sark, joined by a causeway, called the Coupée, which is over 400 ft. long and only 6 to 8 ft. broad, with a precipitous descent of about 260 ft. on each side.

From Creux Harbour to the interior of the island, tunnels have been carved through the cliffs. Transport is either on foot or by wagonette—a horse-drawn cart which can hold up to six passengers. By Law, no motor vehicles are allowed on the island. The people of Sark make a living mainly from agriculture, fishing and the tourist trade. It is a popular holiday centre, the wildness of its cliffs, the lure of the caves in the bays, the quiet, and the mild, equable climate being the chief attractions.

Sark was occupied by the Germans during the Second World War. In the second year of their occupation the Germans sent Mrs. Sybil Mary Hathaway, the Dame of Sark, to a concentration camp as a reprisal for offences by the islanders on the Germans. With the liberation of the Channel Islands, Mrs. Hathaway returned to the Seigneurie (the manor of the Seigneur) of Sark.

The Seigneur of Sark has only nominal power on the island, which is a dependency within the bailiwick of Guernsey. The Channel Islands are administered by their own laws and comprise two bailiwicks—Jersey by itself, and Guernsey with the other islands, apart from Alderney, which has its own Government. By Crown appointment, each bailiwick has a lieutenant-governor, a bailiff and other officials. There are two assemblies, the State and the Royal Court, with elected and appointed officials. These administer and make the laws governing the bailiwicks. The bailiff presides over these and the lieutenant-governor has the right of veto. Matters in dispute go to the Privy Council.

EXPLORING SARK'S CAVES: A holidaymaker treads carefully over rocks at the entrance to one of the many caves on the island. Tourism is one of Sark's main industries.

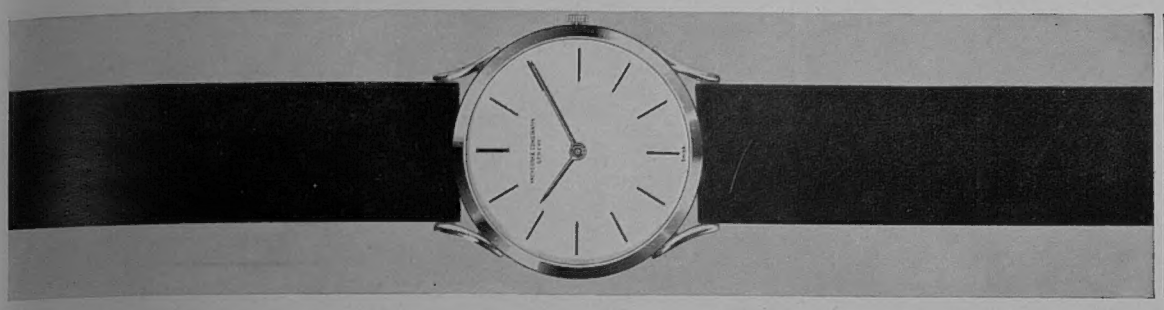
RELICS OF TWO WARS: On the right is a gun left by the Germans after their occupation of Sark in the Second World War. Left is a cannon used in the Napoleonic Wars.

AGRICULTURAL LIFE: The small hayrick is raised on blocks of stone to prevent damp from the earth destroying the hay. Agriculture provides many of the people with their livelihood on the island of Sark.

A REMINDER OF THE OCCUPATION: The wreck of a German ambulance lies at the foot of cliffs. The German occupation lasted from July 1, 1940, until May 9, 1945, when the Channel Islands were liberated.

WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND LTD. *present*

13-15, NEW BOND STREET, W.1



VACHERON ET CONSTANTIN

IN GENEVA SINCE 1755

EXTRA THIN *model in 18 carat gold*

With 200 years of tradition, Vacheron et Constantin are the World's oldest establishment and yet remain pioneers in contemporary design and styling.

In a watch, as true as time itself, Vacheron et Constantin combine technical mastery with the quiet beauty of a designer's dream.

WATERPROOF, *automatic, self-winding model in 18 carat gold*

SHOWROOMS:

69, Lord Street, Liverpool. 125, New Street, Birmingham. 2, Cornmarket Street, Oxford.
447-449, Lord Street, Southport. 131, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. 127A, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Bermuda Jamaica Bahamas

THIS WINTER—

SAIL SUNWARDS IN THE 'CARONIA'
FROM SOUTHAMPTON ON JANUARY 2nd

via Havre and discover the renowned Cunard refinements of luxurious living and air-conditioned comfort which are yours to command on this exclusive voyage. Of all the ways to travel, only one is named Cunard. Return from Bermuda by the 'MEDIA' on March 6 or April 3; or from New York by any Cunard sailing of your choice.

CRUISES FROM NEW YORK *all payable in sterling*

CARONIA WORLD CRUISE February 5 (95 days)

BRITANNIC MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE January 22nd (66 days)

CARONIA WEST INDIES CRUISE January 19 (13 days)

MAURETANIA WEST INDIES CRUISES February 5 (18 days);
February 25 (18 days); March 18 (15 days); April 4 (13 days); April 19 (12 days).

Cunard

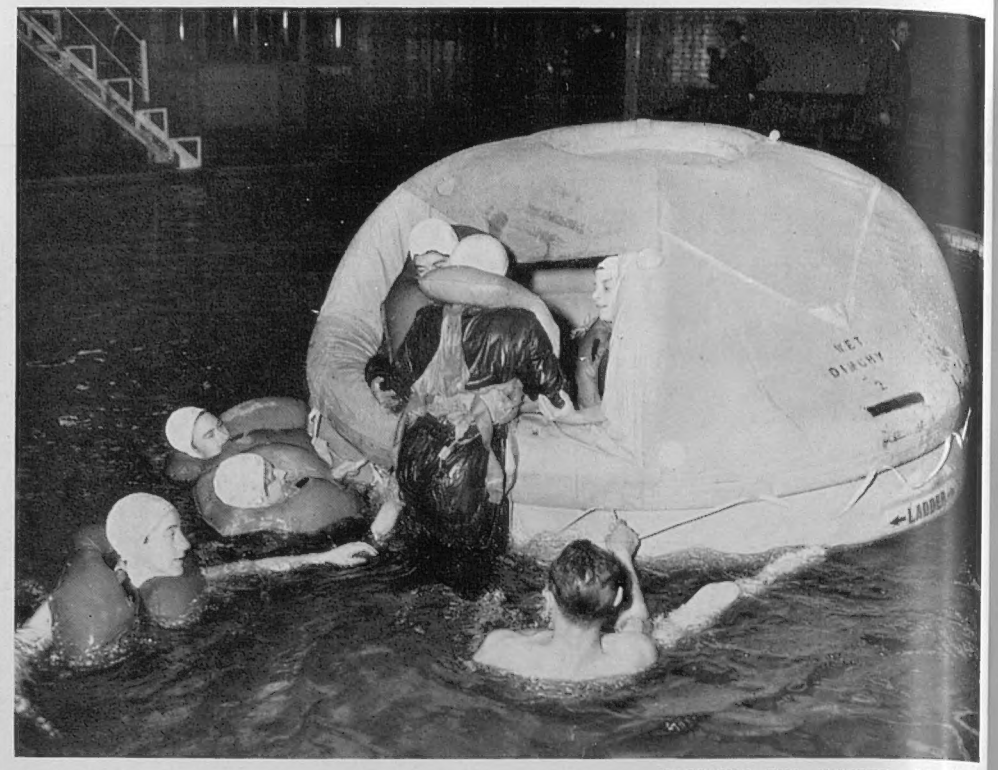
Ask your Travel Agent for full details or apply Cunard Line, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 (CENtral 9201); 15 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 7890); 88 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. (AVEnue 3010).

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A NEW AEROMEDICAL TRAINING CENTRE

On a Three-day Course at the R.A.F. Station at Lyneham, Wiltshire

A VOLUNTEER TRAINING COURSE: An instructor shows Flying Officer Deirdre Ashton, of the Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service, the correct way of righting a dinghy which has been inflated upside down. Officers of the Nursing Service were taking part in a training course at the newly-established aeromedical training centre at the R.A.F. Transport Command Station at Lyneham, in Wiltshire. Demonstrations in the use of dinghies and the care and treatment of sick and injured personnel, should the ambulance aeroplane crash into the sea, were given in the public swimming baths at Swindon, nearby. The course also included instruction on the problems of nursing in the air.



RESCUING THE INJURED: Members of the R.A.F. Nursing Service are given instruction on hauling an injured man into an inflatable dinghy during the three-day training course at the Transport Command Station at Lyneham. The Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service takes care of all the sick and injured of the Air Force.

On left—

PULLED INTO THE DINGHY: One of the girls is given a helping hand in boarding a M.S.20 self-inflating boat. Various kinds of dinghy were used during the training course, including passenger types capable of holding twenty people.

By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen.
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon and Sons Ltd.

The Sherry of all Sherries...

RICH, LUSCIOUS AND OF VERY GREAT AGE

Domecq's 'CELEBRATION CREAM' sets a standard of high quality and excellence in Sherry which is probably unique. Aged in the wood in the Bodegas of the great Spanish Sherry House of Pedro Domecq—shippers to this country continuously since 1730—'CELEBRATION CREAM' is a Sherry of rare and distinctive appeal.

Obtainable everywhere from Wine Merchants and in the best bars and hotels. If you have not yet tasted this superb and outstanding Sherry, do so today.

Domecq's

CELEBRATION CREAM

Domecq's 'Celebration Cream' is stocked by your usual Wine Supplier.
Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 48 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'
...and the exquisite dry Fino 'LA INA'

Ready October 12

Richard Gordon

"one of the best 'Doctor' books . . . extremely readable and very funny" *(The Bookman)*

DOCTOR AND SON
(12/6)

"Miss Read"

a new novel of country life by the author of "Village School"

THRUSH GREEN
(15/-)

MICHAEL JOSEPH, 26 BLOOMSBURY STREET, W.C.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1959. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

for you

the finest

filter tip

cigarette . . .

du MAURIER

3/11 FOR TWENTY

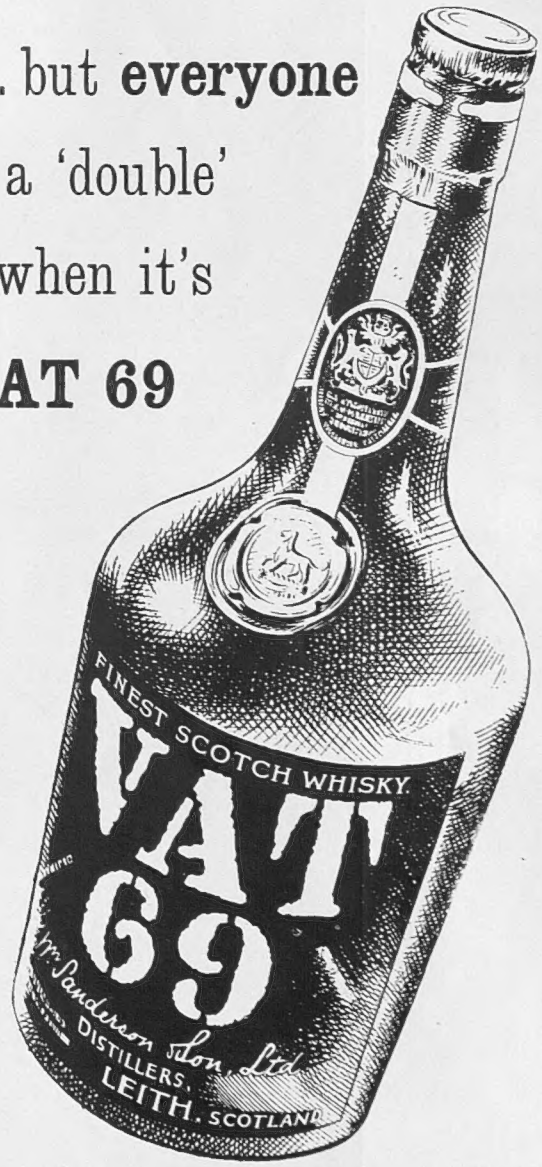
ALSO PLAIN TIP IN THE BLUE BOX

. . . but **everyone**

has a 'double'

when it's

VAT 69



THE ONE SCOTCH THAT STANDS OUT

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Vice-President : Society of Marine Artists

WELL MADE

WELL PACKED

FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

H.M.S. FALCON

H.M.S. FALCON is one of the Navy's oldest names. In various forms (including Phawçon) it goes back to 1212. The illustration portrays the third ship of the name (ca. 1420) off the Tower of London, with the arms of Henry V on her mainsail and the streamer of St. George immediately above it. An archer is stationed in the main top, with javelins at hand, and the grapnel for lowering on to the enemy's deck is secured to the bowsprit end. The ship was known as Fawçon "of the Tower", a term which meant the same as "Her Majesty's Ship" does now. Today H.M.S. FALCON is the name of the R.N. Air Station at Malta.